

Light of Truth

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MRS. R. S. LILLIE.

An Exponent of the
Philosophy of Life.

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Philosophy and Facts

A PSYCHICAL NEMESIS.

BY JOHN HAZELRIGG

I know not from whence the power came; but true it was that I, Jack Wharton, could close my eyes and by diverting my mind into a channel of thought which enveloped some particular person whom my fancy might conjure up, that person's presence and actions at that particular moment would be revealed to me—not through transference of thought, but by a vivid mentality which had in itself the psychic power of transplanting itself wheresoever it desired. I know no terser method by which to make myself understood. This involuntary action of the brain was so startling a revelation to me that never once did I breathe my guilty possession to mortal soul. I was unwittingly undergoing the solution of a metaphysical problem whose abstruseness amazed and frightened me. I had given some desultory thought anent the Pythagorean doctrine—a meditation no doubt influenced by the contents of a volume on psychic research which I one day ran across in our library, and which led to some further investigation of the subject. But to be suddenly constituted a practical disciple of occult science—a modified Rosicrucian, so to speak—was by no means conducive to my happiness or well-being, and I found myself vigorously combating the development of a power I neither courted nor desired.

This strange dismemberment of the soul or spirit from the body threw me into a world of bewildering conjecture and ridiculous speculation. Suppose, I reasoned, in one of these periodical desertions from the body of that which for want of a better designation I grew into the habit of terming My Other Self, the spirit should fail to return to that environment to which it belonged, what would become of that which was myself in flesh and blood? Would the flesh and blood ultimately cease to act, succumb to putrefaction, or perchance mummify into a parchment-like mass, awaiting the return of that disembodied substance or materiality which still retained its volition? Could the animal life which coursed within me yield to dissolution while the mental faculties were yet an entity? I had no solution.

The only evil effect resulting from this strange phenomenon was a depression of spirits, a languid state into which the will power relapsed, only to be succeeded by a hilarity of emotions that frequently left me exhausted from the excess of merriment into which an abnormal sense of the ridiculous had thrown me. The most prosaic happening would assume the proportions of a side-splitting comedy, and the veriest trifle became a matter of ludicrous import. Why I should have been so accursed I know not. The existence of such power afforded me more pain than pleasure. I found myself cognizant of daily happenings of which I would fain have remained ignorant. Friends whom I deemed steadfast and sincere I found treacherous and vacillating; attachments which promised intellectual and material benefit to me were ruthlessly slain by the retributive influence of this spiritual juggernaut, and I was being gradually and hopelessly converted into a cynic and misanthrope.

At sixteen I was sent off to college. At twenty I graduated, but not with class honors. I have often thought my percentage was considerably lessened through the personal animosity of two of the professors, for in the awarding of the diplomas I was left minus a degree. I mention this fact, for I shall never forget the mortification I experienced upon being apprised of this

failure by the half-gleeful verdict of the committee of which these two professors were part and parcel, and because it led to the series of circumstances which I am now going to relate.

I think a tear trickled down my cheek, for when I unconsciously raised my handkerchief to my face to brush it away my eyes suddenly became riveted upon a pair of eyes with as sympathetic a beauty in them as I had ever beheld. They were as lustrous as the scintillant stars, yet with such a sad, wistful expression in their liquid depths that my heart went out to her—never dreaming nor for one moment flattering myself that to my misfortune was due her commiseration. My emotions, which at that instant had been on the point of bursting forth in an angry tirade against the injustice which had been done me, were subjugated as effectually by that steady, sympathetic gaze as is the storm-swept landscape by the sudden effulgence of the noon-day sun; and half shamefully, yet with a quickening beat in my heart, I bowed my head in resolute silence. That glance had fortified me against disappointment, and I left the building with a more elastic tread and a lighter heart than one would have imagined possible in a graduate who had missed the goal for which he had striven through four years of assiduous study and conscientious endeavor.

Who was she? I found myself asking over and over again. But, alas! that power which had so often done my bidding in less scrupulous instances refused to be utilized for my delectation! Need I say that with all the eagerness and curiosity with which I sought to fathom her identity, I welcomed this failure with a great sob of joy and thanksgiving? A heavy responsibility seemed to have been lifted off my shoulders, and I was free at last to breathe the pure fresh air of heaven; summer winds came to me from out the south, laden with all the fragrance and perfume of the sweet harvest time, and the air was as light and as wholesome as that which swept through the bowers of Paradise! I was in love! Yes, in love with an unknown divinity, whose face betokened gentleness, yet who possessed a mind whose will I could not dominate—a positive force which held in abeyance the execrable power with which I had been accursed.

I need not detail here the fortuitous circumstances which conduced to bring about our acquaintance. Suffice it to say that in a month's time I was the accepted lover of Fate Wrenford, whose angelic qualities and magnetic eyes had so singularly fascinated me. I loved her with a fervency and devotion which, with my skeptical doubts of the world's sincerity, entailed almost absolute misery to me. Yet her quiet, gentle demeanor and affectionate self-surrender were as meat and drink to one whose nature had been starved for want of the sustenance born of human trust and sympathy, and I gave myself up, body and soul, to the all-consuming passion which dominated me.

Numberless suitors flocked to her side. One in particular whom I had supplanted—Victor Blake, a young broker—was the most importunate wooer. More than once he had greeted me with that malevolent toleration which eventually grew to be highly distasteful to me, and I could not rid myself of the feeling that in some unforeseen way I was to suffer through him. But love's young dream cajoled the happy moments with its blissful vagaries and its phantom caprices, and I was growing apathetic 'neath its Lethan influence. But, alas! that thrice-accursed power, which I had hoped was forever silenced, began at intervals to startle me with faint evidences of its continued existence. I studiously avoided any attempt to utilize it where we were mutually concerned, and with its lack of materialism at this juncture I very much doubt my ability to have done so had I so de-

sired. I never confided to her this phenomenon in my nature, although I felt that in some degree she was growing painfully aware of the cynicism which I was unconsciously allowing to pervade that realm whose influence instead of fostering should have stamped it out of existence.

"I do love you so, Jack," she murmured. Out of my heart I could not but accept the sincerity which shone in her truthful, honest eyes. Yet another mentor kept tapping at my soul.

"Oh, sweet one, but love dies—withered by the hot breath which fans it into existence."

I shall never forget the half-frightened, startled look which swept her face at the utterance of this ignoble sentiment, and I half regretted allowing such base perversion of a world's constancy to creep into the sanctity of our existence.

To add to my misery I could not fail to note the apprehensive expression which had of late crept into her countenance, and all too responsive to the evil promptings of folly and distrust, I refused to accept it as the natural result of my wretched sophistry, but rather ascribed it to some personal cause which she was endeavoring to conceal from me. The more I brooded upon this interpretation of her moods the more positive did I become in my conviction that she was harboring a skeleton, the guilty possession of which was making itself manifest in her every movement and action.

My Nemesis slept not, for one day, when led unconsciously into the summer house at the farther extremity of the lawn, I found her in a dreadful state of the "blues." She was wofully cast down and her eyes bore evidences of recent tears. At sight of me she arose hastily, as if on the point of fleeing, but instead she threw herself into my arms and gave way to such hysterical weeping that I grew alarmed lest something of dread import had happened.

"Oh, Jack," she sobbed, "I am so miserable!"

Feeling, almost knowing what her answer would be, yet I implored her confidence.

"I don't think you believe in me as you should, Jack, and, oh! it's just breaking my heart—it's just breaking my heart!"

She had touched the keynote of my discontent, and I stood as if transfixed before the stern accusation—too self-principled for denial and too cowardly to verify the truth of her fears. Then a dread terror seized me, holding me as in a vise. Great God! I thought, had some part of that mysterious power which had gone out of my keeping been transplanted to the breast of her who had so truthfully divined my forebodings? I hung my head in abject silence, fearing to open my mouth lest I should give way to the emotions which were seething within me. I think I must have been distraught with the vehemence of these passions, for I stood utterly speechless until suddenly awakened by the gentle pressure of her hand upon my shoulder.

"Go, now, Jack. Come to me to-night when I am stronger. I know I am foolish, but I do love you so! And you will forgive me, won't you, Jack, for being such a silly girl?"

I left her, somewhat unsteadily, my brain whirling round and round in the maze of a thousand fancies and absurd speculations. Why was she in tears? Why had she sent me so abruptly from her when my remaining should have been as a panacea to her perturbed feelings? Had my visit proved inopportune? She had certainly been very much agitated, and now that I thought of it, she had cast furtive glances about her as if in deadly apprehension of some expected intrusion. A jealous fear dominated me—and as if a shock of electricity had penetrated every nerve fibre in my being, I staggered with the real-

ization that my untimely presence had disturbed an appointment! With whom? My rival, Victor Blake! Now I understood his malignant glances and her artless toleration! Oh, that I should be undone by such an abominable intrigue!

To what grotesque and outlandish theories a suspicious thought will lead one—while wisdom and discernment become the dense phantasies of a dis-tempered judgment!

Wherefore I arrived at this conclusion I know not, unless it were the result of a fatuous logic deduced from a morbid state of reasoning, for I was fast beginning to regard myself as an irresponsible, negative force, subservient to the tyrannical will of that silent yet positive presence from whose autocracy I was no longer exempt.

These conclusions were no sooner formed than a sweeping array of irrefragable evidence lay bright and clear before my distorted imagination; and under the stress of these vengeful spirits, whose tantalizings and importunities I could no longer resist, I resolved to bring all my concentration to the utilization of that power which at this supreme moment I almost revered.

I know not how or when I reached my rooms, only that it must have been long after night had fallen. I have an indistinct impression that I stumbled over a chair in the dark, for I remember the freedom with which I heaped maledictions upon the innocent piece of furniture. The streets had long since ceased their clang and clatter, until the silence was almost painful in its intensity.

Her parting injunction to see her in the evening had passed unheeded. From the fatigue I now felt I must have walked incessantly since that chance meeting in the summer house. I could have sunk to the floor from sheer exhaustion, only that I had work which would require all my concentration of strength and energy. I drank a full goblet of wine, which I had no difficulty in finding, even in the dark. It fired my blood with its accelerating effect and augmented the nervous tension under which I was laboring.

My head was throbbing with a fever which burned into my very soul. I groped in the dark for the sofa, on which I might lie and rest myself; but, alas! the room seemed entirely void of furniture. Oh, for a light by which to discern—discern—great God! there is light! and what—what am I discerning? I am in the drawing room of the Wrenford's, standing between Fate and—Victor Blake! He is pleading—oh! how he pleads—his utterances coming first spasmodically, then as a whirlwind of passion which must sooner or later by its very vehemence and intensity carry everything before it. And she listens—listens with hysterical sobs, vainly attempting to shield her face from his passionate kisses while he folds her to his breast! What is it he is saying?

"A life of bliss shall be yours. Jack Wharton is incapable of that all-consuming love which is mine! Say that you will go—my carriage shall be here in an hour—and I promise you a realm of happiness such as you could never realize with him!"

"No! No! No! O God! What am I doing?"

"Would you make your existence miserable by uniting it with the cynicism and moroseness which is his, when I offer you a sphere so empyreal that naught can penetrate save the shadow of my love?"

Now she wavers. He sees his advantage, and is quick to grasp it.

"Oh, Fate! Fate! say that you will not take back on the very threshold of heaven itself all the sweet enticements of hope and comfort which I have dared believe you held out to

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me—say that you will do as I wish, and I swear to you eternal adoration and fidelity!"

Has she fainted? No, she has but grown too weak to resist longer and has yielded to his embraces! She murmurs something, but I can not catch it. A triumphant look steals over the countenance of Victor Blake, and placing her upon a divan, he kisses her once, twice, thrice, then hurriedly leaves the room.

I do not follow him, for my whole soul is centred upon her. She slowly and with difficulty recovers herself, then standing upright, her hair dishevelled and her eyes terror-stricken, she holds out her hands imploringly, as though supplicating some unseen power. I feel an irresistible impulse to respond to her entreaties, but before I can do so she moves into an inner room, and thence through a long, dim-lit corridor to her boudoir. I am by her side and looking over her shoulder as she seats herself to write.

"Jack," she begins, "when you know of that wrong I have done you you will righteously hate me. I have naught to say in extenuation, other than that an irresistible power impelled me onward. Yet how—how can I tell you I have done that which forever places a barrier betwixt me and your love—that I have permitted the hot kisses of Victor Blake to burn into my cheeks while yet I was hating him with a hate born of loathing and contempt! He had just left me in the summer house when you came, after avowing his intention of calling this evening. Oh, Jack, Jack, why did you not come as I wished, that you might save me from myself! Some unseen power has possessed me. It did not give me strength, but urged me on, on, on! and scarcely knowing what I did, I yielded. I could not antagonize the feeling, try as I would. Victor Blake is to return shortly, but ere then I shall have placed myself beyond the evil which threatens me. O God! if I could but throw off this wretched feeling which is hanging over me. It is dragging me down—down to perdition—down to the throes of death! Forgive me Jack. Even now I hear the carriage wheels, but he will seek in vain for me, for I, who am so unworthy, I love you! I love you!"

In that moment I could have forgiven her, and all unconsciously and in the spirit I stooped and pressed a kiss upon the brow of her who had fallen while still loving me. Then she looked at me—yes, I say it—she looked directly at me, and I realized that that which stood bending over Fate Wrenford was a materialized entity—my other self! Terror was written in her countenance as she gave forth one shriek after another. I staggered backward as if to escape the hideous, appalling notes of the frightened creature, and coming in contact with some object behind me, I lost my balance and fell.

I remembered no more until the bright morning sun came in through the latticed window, kissing my aching brow with its scintillant freshness. I was lying upon the floor, and a bruise upon the temple bore evidence of having come in contact with the corner of the table as I fell.

I have but little more to write.

The facts I have just detailed did not recur to me until weeks after the circumstances which they narrate. But now that I have just recovered from a bed of illness—brain fever, the doctor tells me—they reveal themselves with all the force of their mysterious portent—of how I called the next morning with that aching pain in my head and a still heavier one at my heart, and seeing the sombre badge of death upon the door, I hastened in, only to learn of the death of Fate—found seated at her writing table, with pen in her hand and a blank sheet of paper before her. I was taken to her

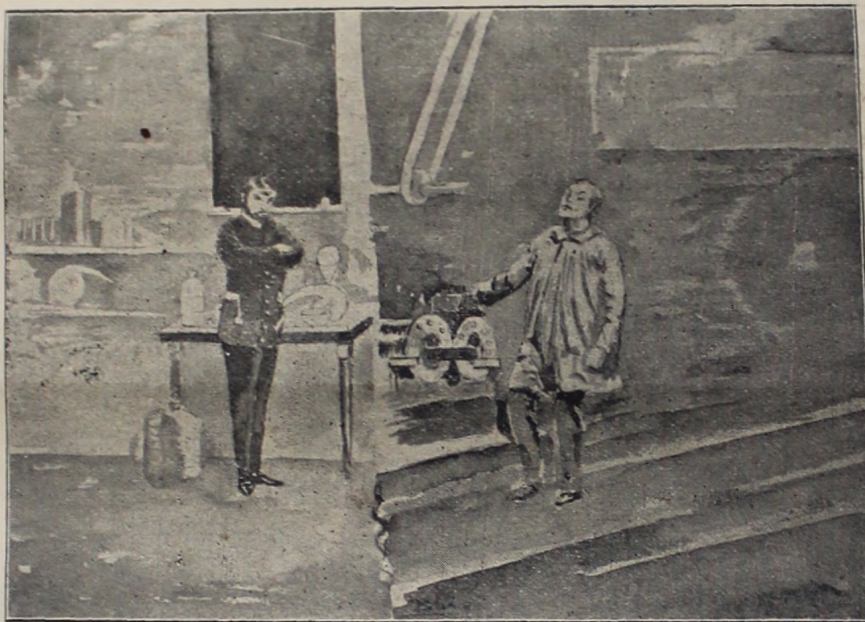
room where she lay in all the silent comeliness of death, her features like alabaster except one tiny spot on her temple—identical with that on my own—where I had kissed her! An epergne of flowers which had been knocked off the table still lay scattered on the floor.

This morning Victor Blake came to me. With a creditable compunction of conscience he unburdened his guilty soul of his part in that which I have already told. When he broke down, unable to continue his story, I surprised and amazed him by completing it for him. But, alas, I did not confide to him the extent of my belief in my own culpability—for until my dying day I shall believe that the power whose service I had utilized had by an opposing and retributive force created the very susceptibility I had suspected. I had accepted a reality instead of trying to discover evidence on which to base a supposition.

The pink spot on her temple where I had pressed my lips, its counterpart on my forehead, and the contact which resulted in the fallen epergne, are coincidences beyond my ken.

But I have found the solution to my problem.

It lies in the remorse which comes to me in the still, dark hours of the night while a frightened face looks up into mine, the eyes betokening a chas-



tity of love I would have permitted outraged had not death protected her with his cold embrace; in another corner of my vision fawns a green-eyed monster, a psychic Nemesis, gloating and reveling in the cruel pangs of fear and suffering which must forever be mine, or until this curse be expurgated by a kind and considerate oblivion.

X-RAYS.

Animal emotion spiritualized makes eloquence.

We know intuitively, but feel psychometrically.

The mortal who has love needs no other virtue to recommend him.

A learned man is not always a wise man. Learning and wisdom are two different things.

As the chick senses the hawk from afar so the human entity senses a superior power above or beyond him.

In comparison to a man's self conceit he disregards the opinions of others. The truly humble or spiritual can learn from anybody.

Two wrongs never make a right; thus one murder never justifies another, though legally committed. It is cruelty inflicted in the cold light of reason, with barbarity not yet outgrown, and superinduced by a feeling of revenge—the test of savagery.

The soul is an inseparable portion of the great universal mind—it is therefore indestructible.—Brahmin Bible.

DISTANCE NO BAR TO HYPNOTISM

A French Scientist While at Home Hypnotizes a Man in Another Part of the City.

Professor M. E. Boirac of the Lycee Condorcet, Paris, has just shown that distance offers no impediment to hypnotic control because the subject is hypnotized unconsciously and is unaware that he or she has been under the influence of another mind.

This experiment is an effective and final answer to the questions so long debated of whether the hypnotist can master a subject who is not only not in his presence, but is actually separated from him by considerable distance. Professor Boirac's recent and most convincing experiment was his producing hypnotic sleep while he (the Professor) was in his laboratory in one part of Paris upon the subject, Gustave Pitou, an electrician 21 years of age, while at his work in a portion of Paris remote from Professor Boirac's residence and laboratory.

Professor Boirac maintains that the end of unraveling the tangled skein of mysterious hypnotism is not yet in sight, and that it is more complicated and more obscure than is dreamed of in the philosophy of the savants of Nancy.

Standing in his laboratory in his residence in the Quartier de l'Europe,

quicker than sight itself. Following immediately upon it comes a feeling of relief from possibly a nervous strain a cessation of effort; my task is completed, I can rest."

Then the professor and his witnesses drove to the shop of the young electrician.

Within the precincts of the shop the scene was interesting. Pitou lay in the middle of the floor flat upon his back. Under his head and neck a coat was laid, rolled up for a pillow. Kneeling beside the prostrate form of the young electrician, Professor Boirac raised Gustave's left arm. Released, it dropped upon the floor with the dull but not dead sound, noticeable in the cases of persons unconscious as a result of organic heart affections. Professor Boirac then lifted the eyelid of the prostrate man and passed his finger over the naked eyeball.

The professor from the School of Nancy smiled. "We have taken the liberty, Professor Boirac," he said, "to make enough of reasonable tests to convince us of the genuineness of the hypnotic sleep in which this young man is resting."

"Were you successful in witnessing M. Pitou at the moment of his yielding to the hypnotic suggestion?" inquired Professor Boirac with interest.

The professor from Nancy became the spokesman.

"At 2:45 we arrived at the workshop of M. Pitou," said the spokesman of the quartet of witnesses, "and started to interview him. The ostensible object of our visit being to inquire about the design, construction and cost of an apparatus to prosecute experiments in Roentgen rays. M. Pitou entered upon the discussion of the matter with no apparent thought that we might have an ulterior object in our visit. As the hour of 3 drew near the conversation flagged a little, through our consciousness of having a matter upon our minds in which M. Pitou was unconsciously to play a leading part. Still he manifested not the slightest sign of suspicion."

Just after the stroke of 3 his manner became noticeably languid, and he passed his hand across his forehead as though attempting to brush away a premonitory symptom of a headache. At 2 minutes past 3, as noted by one of our number who was holding his watch where he could see it, Pitou wavered in his speech, then stopped in the midst of a sentence and, with dropping eyelids, a few seconds later gently sank backward to the floor. We sprang to ease his fall. Before he reached the floor his eyes were closed, and by his volition they have not since opened."

Professor Boirac then recalled Pitou to consciousness in the ordinary manner of the hypnotists. The young man looked troubled and bewildered. He began to renew his talk about the X-ray apparatus, but abruptly stopped and demanded an explanation. Professor Boirac succeeded in satisfying him.

"It will go away after awhile."

That's what people say when advised to take something to cure that cough.

Have you ever noticed that the cough that goes away after awhile takes the cougher along? And he doesn't come back!

**Ayer's
Cherry Pectoral
Cures Coughs.**

"How is it that you can be so confident of having produced the hypnotic condition?" asked one of the witnesses.

"Simply that a confident consciousness of success comes to me. In that feeling I have yet to be deceived. It is more prompt than the telegraphy of the senses. When I test a subject in my presence this consciousness is

CORRESPONDENCE

FINDLAY, O.—Mrs. E. S. Hibbitts was here several weeks and gave a large number of seances to the delight of many and the comfort of bereaved ones.—W. H. Taylor.

DECATUR, ILL.—Thomas S. Kizer of 531 N. Mercer street writes that Mr. and Mrs. Pettibone have been holding phenomenal seances there to the satisfaction of all attendants.

GALVESTON, TEX.—President S. W. Head of the First Spiritual society writes that the friends on the gulf coast are delighting in the ministrations of John W. Ring, a 20-year-old inspirational speaker, who is giving them much spiritual comfort.

BOSTON, MASS.—Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, president of the society of "Ethical and Spiritual Culture," has located in Hotel Willets, 977 Washington street, Boston, Suite 7, where she has a class for the development of mediumship every Monday evening, and Tuesday and Friday evenings has seances for physical manifestation.

ONTARIO, CANADA.—L. G. Neelin writes among other things: "We are pleased that the N. S. A. recognized the exigency in the appointment of Mrs. Loe F. Prior to the pastorate of Toronto. Her ministration has resulted in the forming of the First Spiritual church, with Mr. Henderson as president. Miss Maggie Pollock is the coming medium in Canada."

LYNN, MASS.—T. H. B. James writes that the Spiritualists of Lynn held a fine circle Sunday afternoon. Many sick were treated free of charge. At the evening services music, phenomena and inspiration constituted the program. At Mrs. Dowland's meetings on Tuesday and Friday evenings the good work continues unabated, and new converts are made at every session.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—J. C. F. Grumbine opened his ministrations before the Woman's Progressive union Sunday before a crowded house. Many notable workers were in the audience. A. H. Dailey, Miss May Pepper, Edgar W. Emerson and State Secretary of N. S. A. Mr. Grumbine will continue through February and March and will be found or can be addressed at 303 Greene avenue.

TAMPA, FLA.—Mrs. Elsie Reynolds of California, the well known materializing medium, is holding a series of successful seances for the Tampa Psychical Research society and their numerous friends, including the best people of south Florida, previous to the opening of Lake Helen camp. Societies desiring a first-class medium will not make a mistake in securing her.—W. L. Dow, Cor. Sec.

FORT WAYNE, IND.—The First Spiritual society has with them Brother Perkins of Chicago, who is an able worker and educated man. Our Lyceum bids fair to prosper with our library already in circulation. The ladies are to organize a sewing society and we also have a Friday afternoon Ladies' Aid society with Mrs. Dr. Sweringen as the president, who is well qualified to hold the position, as she is a medium or psychic of rare qualities, with a true heart for the cause.—Corr.

CLEVELAND, O.—Thos. A. Black, one of the most ardent Spiritualists and untiring workers in the cause at Cleveland, writes that that grand old warrior, Lyman C. Howe, is doing effective service there this month, and who is to be followed successively by Hon. O. P. Kellogg, Dr. Schermerhorn and Mrs. A. E. Sheets. Furthermore, that the writer proposes to have a gala anniversary on March 28. No doubt Cleveland has in Mr. Black its foremost leader and planner, and who should be appreciated accordingly.

CHICAGO, ILL.—The night of Jan. 23 Mrs. Dr. A. Lamont held in remembrance the anniversary of her marriage, in her home, at Chicago. Though Dr. Lamont is in spirit life, he remains to her a guardian and companion. The night was stormy out doors, but very cheery in her home, where were a dozen brave hearts who had braved wind and snow. The hours from 6 to 12 were filled with songs, recitations and pleasantries, in debate on topic "Is Marriage a Failure?" and with elegant refreshments served twice. Mrs. Nellie Lockwood, wife of Prof. W. M. Lockwood, gave voice to poetic thought. The traditional bridal wreath and veil decorated the picture of Dr. Lamont and the Cincinnati marriage certificate.—Allie Lindsay Lynch.

STERLING, ILL.—S. M. Seeley writes that Mrs. Tripp of 3017 Wabash avenue, Chicago, recently visited his home and held a materializing seance there. A small curtain was adjusted to a corner of the room and spirits began to come forth even before she retired behind the same, thus giving evidence of her power under conditions that precluded deception. Among the spirits who appeared were his nearest relatives, giving absolute tests, dematerializing in the circle and passing matter through matter for the benefit of the skeptical ones present. It was a royal spiritual feast. Mr. Seeley also writes that since his last communication to this paper he has had some remarkable paintings of known relatives through the Bangs sisters, which he will be pleased to show his friends who may call on him.

SHERIDAN, MONTANA.—We, the undersigned, beg leave to submit to your readers for consideration the following brief statement and request: Montana is the third state in area in the Union; has latent wealth untold in her mountains and many pleasant and fertile valleys; but she is sparsely settled. Outside of a few small cities people live in villages and hamlets, on ranches and farms, usually at great distance from each other. This isolation prevents a proper acquaintance and exchange of views, so that the few Spiritualists scattered here and there are practically dormant. We therefore ask the friends in the more favored localities to consider the advisability of sending a lecturer and organizer through this great commonwealth.—Samuel M. Wilson, George L. Hermesmyer, Anna M. Hermesmyer, Fred G. Hermesmyer, Henry C. Hermesmyer, Amelia L. Hermesmyer.

AKRON, O.—The Fraternity of Modern Spiritualists is a new society, incorporated under the laws of Ohio and working under a ritual in two degrees, which was written automatically and inspirationally during 1896. The National Cabinet was organized Feb. 1, 1897, at Akron, O., and local cabinets are now being established throughout the state. The Fraternity is for the purpose of uniting all earnest Spiritualists in one grand organization, placing all upon equality and in touch with each other. It is economically managed, purely representative in government, highly educational in its ritualistic teachings and affords excellent means for displacing all immoral and fraudulent mediums and protecting honest mediumship. This movement should interest every earnest Spiritualist, and full explanation of the Fraternity's plan will be cheerfully given to all who write.—F. E. Moore, 305 South College street, Akron, O.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The mass meeting at Historical hall Feb. 3 and 4, under the auspices of the National Spiritualists association, was an affair of great interest and success. The names on the program will best give an idea of the quantity and quality of the work during the two days sessions, but as space will not permit special mention of the long list of speakers, it is fit,

however, to make special mention of the persuasive powers of Mrs. Russegue, for large collections and subscriptions were taken after her address. There was one circumstance which justly fills the hearts of the Brooklyn Spiritualists with hope and pride—the considerate notices and reports of the meeting by the Brooklyn and New York press, with the exception of the World and Journal. In reference to the World Mr. E. W. Sprague offered the following resolution, which was passed unanimously: "The newspaper known as the New York World having published a scandalous and libelous article concerning Mrs. Reynolds, the N. S. A. assumes the responsibility of assisting Mrs. Reynolds in prosecuting the proprietor of said journal for the injuries she has sustained by reason of said publication.—W. Wines Sargent, Sec.

THE MIDWINTER CONVENTION.

Of the N. S. A. and M. S. S. A. Held at Lansing, Mich., a Success.

The dates Feb. 5, 6 and 7, 1897, will associate in the minds of the Spiritualists of Michigan pleasant memories that will be eternal.

In every feature the convention was a success. A large crowd, splendid addresses, enthusiasm at concert pitch, and a goodly amount of business transacted without discord.

The convention was called to order Friday afternoon by President Hon. L. V. Moulton of Grand Rapids. Judge Q. A. Smith in behalf of the local society and the citizens of Lansing delivered a masterly and eloquent address.

Vice President Mrs. Abbie E. Sheets of Grand Ledge delivered the address of response in her usual effective manner. In the evening Vice President of the N. S. A. Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond delivered the opening address. As to the character and quality of this lady's discourse that goes without saying. She was followed by President H. D. Barrett of the N. S. A. in an address that filled the convention with a new inspiration.

Saturday morning was devoted to conference, and at which time some very important resolutions were passed. Mr. Melvin A. Root presented three resolutions of exceeding interest to every Spiritualist of the world. They were passed by the unanimous vote of the convention, the first one being a remonstrance to the passing of a "medical bill" now pending in the state legislatures. The heart of the resolution reads: "Because it (medical bill) does not recognize our spiritual medium healers, on whom many thousands of citizens of our state rely in cases of sickness; because the people who employ regular physicians have not desired such law and it is asked for by those who wish to oblige the many patrons of our healers to depend on the four schools of medicine named by them in the bill, and rob us of methods we greatly prefer to theirs."

The second resolution was in reference to a bill now in the house of representatives relative to marriage and the solemnization thereof. The resolution asks the honorable body to defeat said bill, and says "we feel that to reduce the age from 18 to 14 years at which girls may legally marry will

very seriously jeopardize the purity and blessings of the marriage relation."

The third resolution was relative to the bill providing for the appointment of women on the boards of trustees of asylums for the insane. The resolution requested such enactment, because it will "promote the welfare and relief of most unfortunate sufferers that humanity may be bettered."

Mr. D. A. Reynolds of Lansing submitted a resolution of no little importance regarding the establishment of an endowment fund to be supplied by a system of life insurance among Spiritualists. We will have occasion to speak of this later on.

Saturday afternoon and evening addresses were delivered by Annie L. Robinson of Port Huron, Mrs. Julia M. Walton of Jackson, Eva Payne Hopkins of Owosso and President Barrett.

Sunday was the banner day. Theater "packed to overflowing" at each of the three sessions. Celia M. Nickerson of Lansing, Dr. A. B. Spinney of Reed City, President Moulton of Grand Rapids, Mrs. Martha E. Root of Bay City and President H. D. Barrett fairly "made Rome howl" with their eloquent and enthusiastic addresses. The spirit of the occasions reminded the writer of some conventions he had attended in former days, where ten or fifteen thousand enthusiastic Christian Endeavorers would assemble in one spirit, of one mind, for one purpose and with one ambition. These are cardinal principles upon which successful conventions are based. A little consecration to the noble and pure that is within and an ambition to brush up the conscience, with some common-sense concentration of effort and purpose among the Spiritualists would enable them to meet in convention with as much success as any other body of people. The "rule or ruin" spirit has predominated so long among the Spiritualists in their organized efforts that their organizations of today would be dead were it not for their "nine lived" disposition.

But the Michigan State Spiritualists' Association is a happy exception. Its mission is being felt throughout the state. From the nature of the foregoing resolutions can be readily observed some of its utility. And it is to be hoped that some of the sister states will behold the object lesson and profit thereby.

CARL SCHNEIDER.

THE N. S. A. MASS MEETINGS.

At Owosso, Mich., Tuesday, Feb. 9, the First Spiritual Society held three sessions, at which time the church was packed with people to hear the addresses of President H. D. Barrett and Eva Payne Hopkins.

At Union City, Mich., Feb. 10, a spirited meeting was likewise held. President H. D. Barrett delivered one of his clear cut discourses that never fails to attune the soul to the divine essence of a nobler life. Michigan Spiritualists are awake to this fact and, as a result, are "up and doing"—C. S.

TOBACCO WAS THE REAL CAUSE.

But parents are sometimes to blame for a son's using it. Old slaves can stop it as well by taking SURE-QUIT, the popular antidote chewing gum remedy for Tobacco habit. 25 c. per box, nearly all druggists. Booklet and sample free. Eureka Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich.

Enameline

The Modern STOVE POLISH.

Produces a JET BLACK enamel gloss. Dustless, Odorless, Labor Saving. 5 and 10 cent boxes. Try it on your Cycle Chain.

J. L. PRESCOTT & CO., NEW YORK.

OBITUARIES.

Passed to the great beyond from Rose Township, Mich., on Jan. 18, 1897, Mrs. N. L. N. Huntington-Skidmore, aged 67 years. Funeral services conducted by Mrs. C. F. Curran of Toledo, Ohio.

Passed to a higher life from the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Morrison, at Bayonne, N. J., on Jan. 25, Mr. Edwin Leach, in the 78th year of his age. He was a Mason and a member of the First Society of Spiritualists of New York.—T. M.

Passed to spirit life Jan. 20, 1897, Mrs. Clara Beesing, wife of L. C. Beesing, the respected secretary of the First Spiritual church, Buffalo, N. Y. The deceased was blessed with the knowledge that death is not the end. The writer officiated at the funeral.—F. Grimshaw.

Passed, on Jan. 5, Mr. Albert Slogum of Lansingville, N. Y., in his eighty-sixth year. He was a firm believer in the beautiful Spiritual faith.

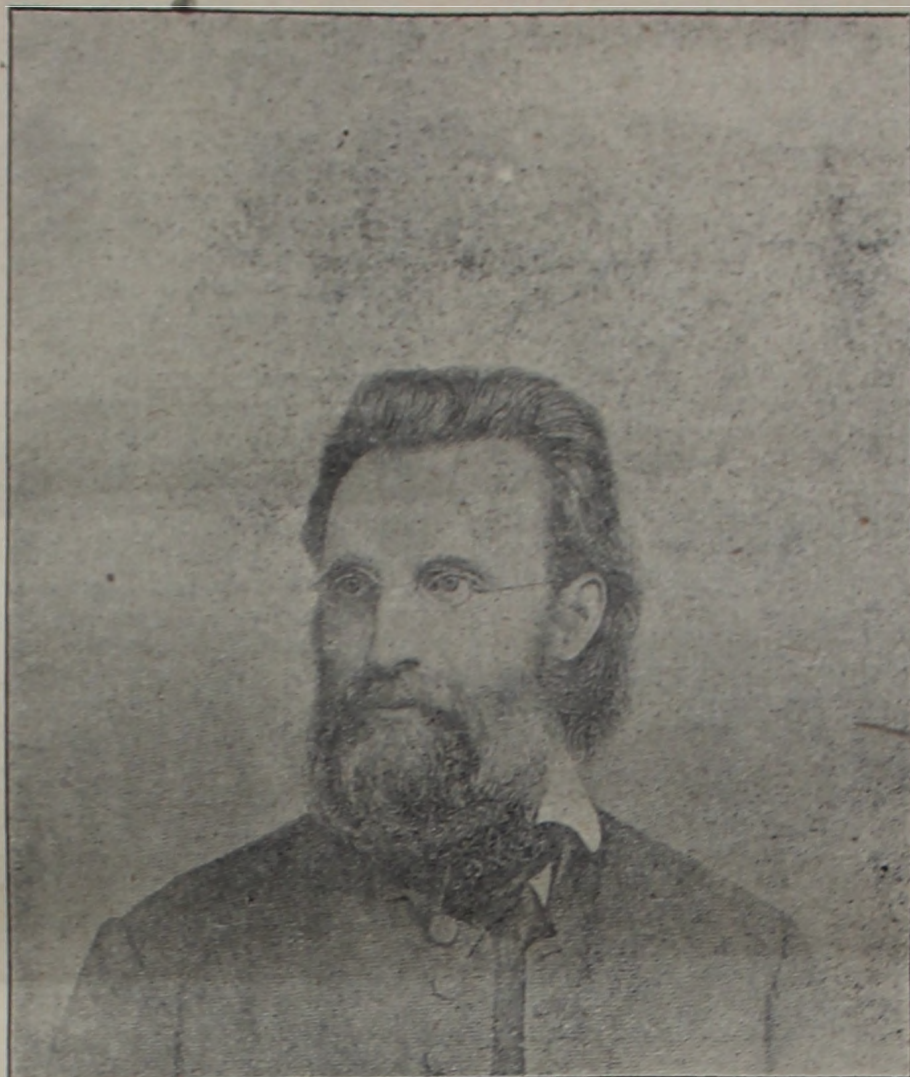
Passed to spirit life from Springfield, Vt., from the home of her daughter, Mrs. Lilla J. Reed, on Feb. 3, Mrs. Julia A. Gould, wife of Dr. S. N. Gould, aged 54 years, 2 months and 7 days. The immediate cause of separation of spirit from body was heart disease, although Mrs. Gould had not been very strong for several years. The body was removed to her home in Randolph, where the funeral services were held at 10:30 on Feb. 6. Mrs. Ella Roys and Mr. Chase of Roxbury, Vt., and Mrs. Scott of Randolph, rendered most touchingly the following selections: "The Happy Spirit Land"; "Only a Thin Veil Between Us"; "We Will All Meet Again in the Morning Land." The Good Templars, of which Mrs. Gould had been a faithful member for many years, attended in a body. She was also superintendent of the juvenile temple, L. O. G. T. The Good Templars and others presented many beautiful floral offerings. It was a purely Spiritualist funeral—even all the hearers being Spiritualists. All the wishes of Mrs. Gould were most faithfully carried out by her husband and daughters. The immediate family consisted of the following members: The daughter, Mrs. Lilla J. Reed, and her husband, Arthur E. Reed; Miss Ethelynd Gould; the husband, Dr. S. N. Gould, and nephew, Louis J. McAllister. All of these are sustained and comforted in the hour of their affliction by the knowledge of spirit communion.

Mrs. Gould had not only been a great worker in the temperance cause, but also had been for a great many years deeply interested in the progress of Spiritualism. In the early years of Sunapee Lake campmeeting she proved a valuable worker on the camp ground. Since the starting of Queen City Park camp meeting every year had found her on the grounds, always willing and ready to work in any way to build up the camp. She was also actively engaged in local work, and for several years had been the president of the West Braintree (Vt.) Spiritualist society.

She was certainly a noble woman, a true friend, a loving wife, and kind and affectionate mother; beloved by all who ever came within the magic circle of her home. She will be missed by hundreds whom she has assisted in the past. All her family fully realize their great loss; yet they look upon her departure as a birth into a higher life, and recognize the fact that she has gone only a little time in advance of them and will be the first to greet them when their earthly journey ends.

The funeral services were conducted by the writer.

GEO. A. FULLER, M. D.
42 Alvarado ave., Worcester, Mass.



ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

Few names in our ranks touch the hearts of Spiritualists with such fervor as does that of Andrew Jackson Davis, the "Seer of Poughkeepsie." Those who have read his "Divine Revelations" and other works can not but regard him as the greatest revelator the world has ever produced, as well as the father of Spiritualism. Many who have never seen him or a likeness of him will no doubt be pleased to see what we have herewith been able to produce of him. It is a good likeness of Mr. Davis as he was once known—a reproduction of an engraving from one of his books. As in other cases, where we were minus a photograph, we solicited one from him. But his modesty prevailed and we were doomed to disappointment, as the appended letter will show. Mr. Davis complains of being too young to go into print. God bless him for that feeling. We are all aiming for this spiritual budding—this return to the springtime of life—and Mr. Davis has attained it in advance of almost the whole fraternity in our ranks. May he lead in the next life as he has done in this, and point the way to a

THE POWER OF THOUGHT.

Everybody are transformed thought. Whatever they see themselves to be may be said to be the result of previous thought, and every thought today is influencing those now and hereafter. Jesus, perhaps, expresses the same truth in saying: "For every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account whereof in the day of judgment." It is the thought which counts for everything. Self-control must begin there. Outward acts can then be left to take care of themselves. There is no greater misconception than to imagine one unkind thought is harmless if it has not been expressed in word or action. Thoughts are real things, which are being created by thinkers every moment. They are charged with a force infinitely more subtle and powerful than any we know of.

The average man today is so accustomed to have thoughts succeed thoughts in his brain without his volition that it would be difficult to make him believe he could ever gain mastery over them. Yet such a time must

still higher existence—to that Summerland where his soul has so often wafted and brought sweet returns to a suffering humanity lost in the mazes of an erroneous past. Herewith the letter referred to:

OFFICE OF
ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN TO BODY AND SOUL.

Private residence in the office, 20 W. 4th St., New York, N.Y.

Brooklyn Jan 19 1897
My Esteemed Friend
Mr. Leach:
1,000 "thanksgivings" to you
and a *Many* useful life
former! Please let my
photo "wait" until the
opening of the next century.
I have not had one taken
during the past 10 years.
I wish to become
Matured! From hav-

ing all of vain imaginings—as
et with many people, and
ed about by many hopeless
as. But gradually the wor-
come, out of this chaotic mess-
a beginning is being sent to an
enslaving appearance. can be made
to realize this, can voluntarily call to
his brain, if only for a brief second, a
thought which antagonizes the craving
which degrades him. And so, little by
little, the power or force to direct
thought grows by using it. And little
by little, evil, uncharitable, selfish
thoughts can be forced out, by volun-
tarily calling into the minds the
thoughts which oppose these. No man
need feel weak or helpless, since all
possess and have power to use so
great a force. But this is a truth
which can not be proved by words and
arguments, only by experience. Like
all truth, it has life, and can only be
known by entering into life with it.
SEPHUS.

So far we have received our third or fourth complaint of the elimination of the spirit message department. We are sorry we can not oblige these few to reinstate it. But as there are about 50 new subscribers coming in because of its elimination to every one complaint, we shall have to abide by the wishes of the majority.

HYPNOTIC CRIMES.

Dr. F. F. Cassidy of Minneapolis, Minn., a leading physician, in discussing the limitations of hypnotism, says:

The following propositions are fundamental: First, a person cannot be hypnotized when out of sight of the operator, except the subject has been hypnotized very often, and places himself in a perfectly passive condition, and does not exercise auto-suggestion (mental reservation or determination to balk the efforts of the operator) against operator. Second, a reserved or dignified person can not be compelled to place himself in a ridiculous position while hypnotized, simply because he makes a mental reservation consciously or unconsciously, by force of habit (auto-suggestion) and the operator can not overcome it. Third, if it was true that another person was by hypnotic influence endeavoring to lead a person to commit a crime, the mere exercise of the will power of the subject against the influence of the operator or the commission of the crime would completely annul the effect of the hypnotic operator, so it may be set down as true that (1) honest, upright men cannot be hypnotized and compelled to commit crime; (2) that depraved men of vicious instincts are influenced by their own general cussedness and depravity to commit offenses, and any alleged hypnotic influence on the latter class is simply a pretext to shift the responsibility of their own acts to innocent persons, and the criminal escape punishment thereby.

In public exhibitions hypnotized persons are frequently told to stab a person in play, and they promptly obey orders. This fact is sometimes given in proof that a hypnotized person can be compelled to commit an actual crime. Not so. The conditions are not the same. In the first instance the subject is impressed all the way through that the whole thing is a farce. The fact of it all being in play is impressed upon his mind, and he readily obeys orders of operator to shoot with a paper gun or stab with a steel pen.

AN INDIANA WONDER.

A remarkable case is that of Mrs. Thomas Swift, a well known and highly respected resident of Anderson, Ind. Mrs. Swift had been slowly sinking for some time with the dread disease consumption and was given up to die. Ultimately she passed into seeming death, but awakened later and told of having seen and conversed with people on the other shore. She was told to do some seemingly silly things and she would recover. She followed their directions and a few days ago called on her physicians, to their amazement. They examined her lungs and found them sound and healthy. This seems beyond belief, but we are assured in a private letter from the editor of one of the Anderson daily papers that the facts as given above are substantially true. He writes that he had visited the lady and is acquainted with the facts.

We shall probably have further details of this case later on.

NOTICE TO SECRETARIES OF OHIO.

There is an effort being made to organize a state association of the Spiritualists of Ohio. With this end in view we, the undersigned, would suggest that the secretaries of the Spiritualist societies throughout the state send the names of the officers of their respective societies, together with the names of a few spiritual-minded members, to C. W. Taylor, Lima, Ohio.

Signed—E. M. Hale, Lima, O.; Dr. Adah Sheehan, Cincinnati, O.; Mrs. J. J. Curran, Toledo, O.; Dr. Frederick Horman, Cincinnati, O.; J. D. Arras, Columbus, O.; C. W. Taylor, Lima, O.

THE OGGULT.

DOUBLE CONSCIOUSNESS, DEMON-
IACAL POSSESSION, BRAIN
ATROPHY OR WHAT?

One morning in the spring of 1893 Thomas E. O'Shea, a young man living in New York, son of the publisher of Catholic books by that name in Barclay street, was found senseless in bed, due to partial asphyxiation by escaping gas. Physicians worked on him all that day and toward night succeeded in restoring something in him to an outward manifestation of consciousness. But it wasn't O'Shea. The new occupant of that gentleman's body knew nothing of O'Shea, not even his name. Neither did he know anybody around him. He was like a child. He had no past and accepted like a child everything that was told him. The parents, friends and promised wife of O'Shea were distracted and did all they could to arouse memory in him, but in vain. His disposition and tastes began to change and he was finally sent to a sanitarium, where he remained several weeks. There he acquired a taste for cards, whist particularly; he learned wood carving and became an expert billiardist. All of these pursuits were utterly foreign to O'Shea, who had been a real estate broker. He grew careless in his habits and apparently had no object in life save the company of a few boon companions. It was decided to remove him to his home, the physicians predicting that his former personality might return either slowly or with a shock. And one morning three months afterward it did return. The following is an account of his restoration as given by a New York paper:

"The next morning he came down to breakfast, as usual, and began to read the morning paper. The family did not notice anything strange in his demeanor. As he rose from the table he looked at his watch and said:

"It's later than I thought. I'll have to rush to get to the office in time."

"Get where?" asked his father.

"To the office," was the reply.

"What are you going to the office for?"

"Why, for business, of course. It can't very well run itself. I'm not feeling any too well, either."

"A great hope sprang up in the father's heart. 'Say, Tom,' he said, 'do you remember that real estate deal you made on the Amsterdam avenue property six months ago?'"

"Yes, was the reply, 'that was a lucky thing. I got out of it with a good profit. I wish I had more like it.'"

"Then to the young man's surprise his father grappled him and waltzed around the room with him like a maniac. Then the family was summoned. Thomas, sorely bewildered, declared that he had not been ill at all, and did not understand what they meant. Then his father asked him, 'How was the weather when you came in last night?'"

"It was snowing hard. By the way, where is my overcoat?"

"You will not need an overcoat today. Come here."

"He led the young man to the rear window. It was summer, and the trees were in full leaf. 'That does not look like snow, does it?'"

"O'Shea passed his hand over his forehead in a puzzled way, and said: 'I can't understand it all. Where have I been?'"

"Then he sat down, while his father told him the story of his loss of memory. The wonder of it all did not cease with its restoration. The three months that had elapsed since the misfortune occurred were a blank in Mr. O'Shea's mind. Where formerly he was unable to remember beyond the time of his recovery from the accident, it was now

impossible for him to remember anything connected with the succeeding three months.

"When he went to his room he saw a number of pretty wood carvings about the room.

"What are these arrangements?" he inquired of the servant.

"Why you carved them yourself," she replied; then she showed him the tools with which he had done the work. Here was another thing that required proof. He would not be convinced until the servant's statement had been confirmed by members of the family. Then he sat down and tried to do some carving. He failed utterly. A novice might have done as well. He was chagrined. Wood carving is a clever thing, and he had forgotten it.

"The afternoon of his recovery, in walking along Columbus avenue, he met a friend.

"Hello, Tom," said the latter; 'come and let's play some billiards.'

"I'd like to oblige you, old chap, but I never play billiards," O'Shea replied.

"Never play billiards? Why, only last week you gave me a discount and a beating. If you can't play I'd like to see somebody that can. Come along."

"Then it dawned upon the young man that here was another accomplishment acquired during his period of aberration. He wondered if he had forgotten it. The two friends went to a billiard parlor.

"Well, what shall it be—a discount?" asked Mr. O'Shea's friend.

"Oh, anything you like," was the reply; 'but I tell you I can't play.'

"Neither could he. His efforts were those of a man who had never handled a cue. They were laughable in their awkwardness. Then Mr. O'Shea told of his experience in the wood-carving line, and the game was declared off. Here was another fine accomplishment gone wrong."

"Of course he did not know how to play whist. His failure in this direction followed naturally in the wake of his wood carving and billiard retrogressions. In fact, he began life again just where he had left off three months before. All his taste for conviviality and frivolity had vanished. In short, he was once more a steady and exemplary young man, keeping regular hours, and without any bad habits to speak of."

"A few months after his recovery Mr. O'Shea married. Since then he has attended steadily to his real estate matters and has shown no signs whatever of an impaired memory, except in the matter of the three months that elapsed under a part of his life."

"The phenomena have not as yet been reduced to science, but we believe it is rational to establish a theory that will stand until further facts shall be discovered. In photography there is a suggestion which by analogy may give us a clue."

In a clear explanation Mr. Moulton gave his theories. He compared materialization of bodies to the manner in which pictures are developed in photography. He said: "Until the picture made in the camera is developed it is as invisible, intangible and spiritual as are bodies in a dematerialized state. If there be any occult force capable of polarizing matter then may bodies be materialized, and when matter is depolarized dematerialization takes place. By this process your friend whom you call dead may by this process bring back a hand, a precipitation of matter from the air, the same as when a hand appeared at Belshazzar's feast. The energy to accomplish this may be drawn from the animal magnetism and will power of the medium."

"Who can say that the air is not filled with invisible pictures and forms. There is no such thing as solid matter—everything is porous. Air cannot be forced through a vacuum and there must be substance, a solid ocean of vibratory matter, in all space."

No other than the Protestant sectarian power can answer the description of the 2nd beast with two horns like a lamb yet spake (taught) like a dragon. Rev. xlii-4. From Marriage Supper of the Lamb. See adv. in another column.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man;
When duty whispers low, "thou must,"
The youth replies: "I can."—Emerson.

THE LIGHT OF TRUTH.

THE RELATION OF CHEMISTRY TO SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

Abstract of an Address by Hon. L. V. Moulton.

Upon the subject of the "Laws of Chemistry as Related to Spiritual Phenomena," this careful thinker addressed the "Band of Harmony" of Grand Rapids, Mich., on a recent occasion. Mr. Moulton said in part:

"In the laws of chemistry, as found in connection with the field of spiritual observation, are found a startling array of phenomenal facts. Nature is completed whole, and when rightly understood she moves in perfect harmony. If the world is to make any further progress it must be along the so-called psychic, this strange and mysterious force that has, in times past, been regarded as mere myths or old wives' tales. These not understood phenomena have been the fables upon which the religions of the world have been builded and which have been interpreted to the world of miracles."

"We believe that the time is coming when the so-called superstitions will be investigated and the solution will be the key to the problems that shall decide the fate of souls in the hereafter. It will come along the slow plodding route of evolution, but it is sure to come."

"We do not believe that anything occurs that is not within the realm of natural law, but we have not learned how to classify it. In the future these things that are now scoffed at by science and religion will be accepted as conclusive. In this, as in all the history of progress and development and reform, those only have believed at first who had nothing to lose."

"Men have never as yet been able to define just what matter is, they can only know that it makes resistance and vibrates."

"The familiar phenomenon of materialization and dematerialization of bodies cannot be accounted for by any known chemistry of matter. It is idle at this late day to discuss the fact that these phenomena take place and that thousands of intelligent witnesses testify that without the agency of any fraud or legerdemain that substances like cloth and even entire bodies have taken a temporary form out of what seems to be but empty air, and then dissolve and leave the air as empty as before they appeared. Those who deny this statement are only the ignorant and those behind the progress of the times."

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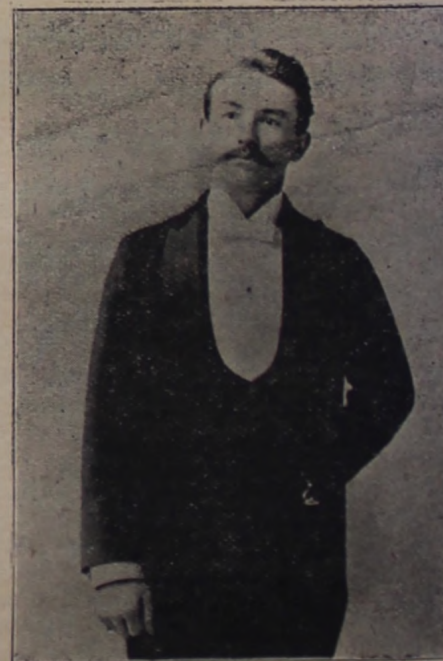
"Who can say that the air is not filled with invisible pictures and forms. There is no such thing as solid matter—everything is porous. Air cannot be forced through a vacuum and there must be substance, a solid ocean of vibratory matter, in all space."

"Chemists will tell all about the manner in which invisible atoms range themselves in space, but they will not believe in invisible human beings, and if you believe they exist you are called a crank and other opprobrious names."

"Men have to reason from the seen to the unseen or they would know comparatively nothing. We know the exact distance to the moon just as well as though we had taken a tape measure and gone to the luminary. In this instance sight alone is the witness, but in the seante rooms all the senses are on watch. We hear the same old voices of our departed friends, see the same face and read the same handwriting and read the signature that would be accepted as genuine on a bank check, and our memories are refreshed by recalling half forgotten instances of events long gone."

"The credulity of incredulity is marvelous. With proof at hand they still say that our friends are dead, instead of living in a world as material as this, where they are working at their destiny and progressing toward perfection. The reason for this is that ignorance, superstition and priestcraft have engrafted themselves upon the minds of men until they are afraid of any enlargement of wisdom or faith. Men and women have grown to think that it is wicked to enlarge their independence of thought, but some are breaking away from bondage and are getting to be not afraid to face their fate so long as they are honest."

"Three professions are going to be abolished, and they are that of doctors, lawyers and priests. When men are born and live right, the doctors can go to sleep and they will not need any legislative medical monopoly to compel the people to take their pills. When you get over your superstitions you will not need a priest to pray you out of purgatory and by that time you will live right and no lawyers will be needed to settle difficulties that do not exist."



HARLOW DAVIS.

Mr. Davis is one of our popular physical mediums, through whom many have had consoling messages from the beyond, and who is ever active in the good work of making converts to Spiritualism.

FOR NERVOUSNESS

USE DR. HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. J. O. Friend, Nashville, Tenn., says: "In nervousness and general debility I find it one of the very finest nervines, as well as a tonic, that I have ever used."

"The man of Sin (the Papacy) has been revealed and is being slowly consumed by the brightness of his (the spiritual truth) coming 2nd Thess. 11-3-8. Don't fail to read Marriage Supper of the Lamb. See adv. on another page."

MATERIALIZATION.

The evening of Oct. 18 the medium was almost too ill to sit up. As a number of persons in attendance had come from the south and west parts of the city, he did not wish them wholly disappointed, at least was willing to let his guides make effort. As the mortals were in much harmony and a number of mediums present the seance proved a pronounced success. Presently Minnie (control) said: "There is a spirit here who seems not to fully understand his condition. He has not yet been buried and is all mixed up about it. He comes to some one present (to a Mr. Castle, it was later proven), and I get H. E. A." As he was not acknowledged by the stranger in our midst, she said "Claude wants the tablet put back"—for he had dropped it forth after many messages and drawings had been handed out. Mrs. A.—reached it in to Claude (behind the curtains), and we soon heard the artist drawing. A leaf was handed out for the gentleman and Minnehaha stated that Claude desired it examined, by lighting a match, to see if it had anything on. The lighted match revealed a portrait. Two persons recognized it as Henry E. Abbey. After the seance it was learned that this stranger had received three portraits and a separate message, McVicker's and Charles Kemble's bust and a message from Emma Abbott.

Lizzie, a spirit who often comes to Mr. Edwards, came to the aperture with her guitar, which she lifted from the small table, and standing in full view played "Home, Sweet Home," sweetly. She then requested him to hold the instrument, and the form went down in sight of all.

Minnehaha—whom we often shorten to "Minnie"—came out, greeting all, and several separately; took from a vase roses and handed to each person present. Then, with one in her hand, she bade us "good-by." But at the close of the seance her rose was found hanging through a screw-eye at the screen door, and Minnie laughingly told us that was as far as she could get it.

Oct. 25 we certainly enjoyed a heavenly time. I had almost feared the seance would not be all I had hoped. Our medium was wounded in soul—stung by an anonymous letter. A man who attends quite often had received the coward's missive, in which the ignorant and unscrupulous writer had, by words and drawing, charged Mr. A.—with fraud in his seances. The sketch represented him as crawling through the lower half of the screen door. The statement was that he rolled up the "skeeter" bar and lowly entered the room behind the curtains to play spook.

Mr. A.—related the circumstances before opening the seance, and after same further remarks invited questions from others or a few words. No one responded. Then he personally addressed the query to me. I had already made the statement that the proudest record of my life lay in the written statement of a Kansas church-book, that I was turned out of a Baptist church (after giving the preacher and two deacons my signature to a permit for them to remove my name) "because she became a Spiritualist."

Among the messages received at that seance was one from T—, with these words: "O, the world would be lost without Spiritualism."

I impulsively patted Mr. A.—on the back and said, "There, brother, hear that. Now do not think of renouncing the name, no matter what may be charged up to you, by a person to cowardly to sign his (or her) name to a charge brought against your honor."

This seance had opened with music. Then a spirit materialized—"Jeff"—to

Mr. Bender and a jolly friend he seemed.

"Lizzie" next came, in form, to Mr. Edwards. Then she and another spirit played the harp together. A form next appeared, who seemed to find difficulty in making Mrs. A.—hear her name, and to grow impatient; she rushed forth exclaiming "No! Viola." She had darted out about ten feet, as tho' to enter the backparlor, when she turned and hastened back to the curtains. Her medium came forward and they conversed.

"White Rose" was most beautiful as she stood in our midst and drew her white drapery about Mrs. Bender's head in a carressing manner, talking all the while; then, stepping near the curtains, she dematerialized in sight of the sitters.

"Rose Bud" came to her medium. She is very interesting and cute. Repeatedly I have heard this spirit talk in the same tone and manner she does when controlling Mrs. Mann.

Minnehaha was out chatting and giving flowers to all present all of five minutes.

Mr. Arnold's father materialized and talked to the sweet old mother, in German, and Minnie laughingly told us "He's the boxes old man." Minnie always calls Mr. A.—"my box" instead of medium.

The twentythird form came to E—. We heard heavy sighing and yawning, and Minnie said "Here's a chief, and he says he's so sleepy." The spirit said "Say E—, I can't wake up. I am so sleepy I can't think good." He could not tell how he passed out, said he guessed he fell asleep on the ties. Yawned loudly and repeatedly, so that every one laughed. When questioned as to his name, replied that he was "Sleepy Bill."

ALLIE LINDSAY LYNCH.

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

We are frequently asked for a simple form of the above on which a Spiritual society can be organized. The following has been suggested as meeting this want. Cut it out for future use:

1. The name of this organization shall be the Spiritual Society (or church) of —, —.

2. Its officers shall constitute a president, vice president, treasurer, secretary and three (or five) directors.

3. An annual election of the first four officers shall take place on date of organization or within 30 days of same; otherwise old officers hold over another year.

4. Directors to be elected for three years, and may be formed of one or more of the officers.

5. Monthly meetings must be held by the officers and directors for the transaction of all society business. A majority of this board to constitute a quorum. The society meets once a year for the election of officers. One quarter of the latter to constitute a quorum. Extra meetings of the society may be called on a petition signed by one quarter of the quorum members or those not in arrears.

6. Fees to be — dollars per year, payable to treasurer quarterly in advance to secure a vote or voice in the affairs of the society. Those three months or more in arrears can not be counted in the quorum; and absent members in arrears are also to be taken into consideration when figuring for a quorum. (For there might be double the number of absent ones in arrears to offset those present, thus reducing the quorum members on the whole, and enabling those attending the meetings to transact the business necessary).

Think of God oftener than you breathe. Let the discourse of God be renewed daily more surely than your food.—Epictetus.

NATURAL LAW IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.

A while back I purchased a book with the above title that was written by a college professor. In fact, the title beguiled me to make the purchase. How often are we disappointed and deceived by titles. I found that the book, instead of being what I conjectured, was simply a literary dissertation accompanied with many quotations intended to harmonize the old theology with new thought and the doctrine of evolution. The author knew absolutely nothing about the spiritual world and had never made any attempts to find out. His conception of it rested wholly upon the views of barbarians that lived ages ago. He reminds one of a person munching dried apples in an orchard freighted with fresh and luscious fruit.

I wish to present a few thoughts under the same title, but drawing upon more recent information. Natural law is that force that inheres in the constitution of things and that causes a similar and regular recurrence of events or actions under like impelling conditions. In the present life, which for convenient distinction we may call the mortal world, the better informed people are in conjunction with an active reason, the more confirmed becomes their belief in the constancy and reliability of nature's action. They expect the sun to rise on time. They have no doubt of it. They do not pray that the moon will full on a certain date. They have learned the futility of such a proceeding. The great and important events follow one another in regular sequence and strictly on time. Even those that occur irregularly are known to be the result of previous combinations that will always produce the same effects with the same intensity. The civilized man, then, has learned to trust nature to the extent of his knowledge of her methods and resources. He realizes that he does not live in a world of chance and that its phenomena are not the result of fitful or capricious passions or sentiments. He studies nature with the assurance that when he can define a relation between known conditions he has obtained reliable data that can be subsequently referred to. In the earlier ages, before man learned to scientifically investigate phenomena, he accounted for things by mentally making a multiplicity of gods and devils that were all the while operating against one another, being mostly actuated by jealousy or adverse sentiments that caused any amount of trouble and prevented man from having things all his own way. His own mind was full of vain imaginings—as is the case yet with many people, and he was tossed about by many hopeless expectations. But gradually the world is rising out of this chaotic mess and its furniture is being sent around in decorous regularity.

It has only been a few years that we have been able to ascertain how matters stand in that spiritual world to which the soul takes its flight after throwing off the mortal shell. All kinds of silly things had been predicted of that realm, but as no one knew much about it the preposterous notions could not be countered or disproven; and so while man lived in a world here governed by law, the spiritual world of his destiny was imagined to be all at loose ends, nowhere fitting into each other. Its people were without utility or fluttering around without any more purpose than falling leaves in an autumn hurricane. The only ones that were held to steady harbor were those in the incandescent department, and it was impossible for them to define their position or escape from the monotony of their surroundings.

But lo! the light breaks and at last comes the intelligence from many sources that the spiritual world is not

outside of the universe, but related to it and as much subject to natural law as the spinning globe beneath us. Why should it not be? Will nature in the star depths be true to Arcturus and Aldebaran and fall and play helter-skelter and sixes and sevens with the finer forces that she holds in her breast, and that she has reserved to administer to the sublimated soul? Will she launch it into a world of whim and chance without system, or care, or rule? No! there are purpose and method reigning there. From behind the curtain that veils it from our view come the messages proclaiming there is natural law in the spiritual world; the conscious intelligence is as much under its dominion there as in any of the domains of earth; wherever nature sustains an individuality she places it under restraints and limits; for otherwise it could not exist. Not in fear, trembling and doubt, but in confidence and courage, will be the attitude of those toward the spiritual world who have wisely considered that it is under the same reign of law that holds the universe in order.

C. H. MURRAY.



JOHN HAZELRIGG,

Essayist, newspaper correspondent and psychic, an article from whose pen may be found on page 2 of this issue.

NOW AND THEN.

Mr. Editor: Mr. Howe's words, a few weeks back, seemed like a sad refrain, yet I once listened to such masterly eloquence from his lips, as to fairly lift a large audience into the spirit condition. Such speakers should never be idle; we need their ministrations, but we in the country and smaller towns, cannot go to large meetings in the winter or camps in the summer, but through a systematic itinerary, speakers and mediums could come to us; not fancy high priced ones, but soulful men and women, who love the cause, and can demonstrate it to the people.

Twenty years ago I secured the services of E. V. Wilson for a three days' meeting. I thoroughly advertised it in three counties, and that people from a distance would be entertained free. The hall was packed at every session, and Sunday evening raised \$35 in a few minutes. But E. V. Wilson was a host in himself—a good speaker and an unexcelled test medium.

Established and advertised routes would let in the light, double our book and newspaper circulation and furnish ample work for our speakers and mediums, while the blessings would be untold to those who sit in spiritual darkness.

MARY W. BARR.

Flint, Ind.

The only vengeance which a good man desires is to have his enemies know that he is right.

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SOURCES OF INSPIRATION.

Lyman Abbott, the great preacher of Plymouth church, contributes a timely article on the evolution of inspiration to the "Outlook." Students of "Higher Criticism" know the position taken by Mr. Abbott on the innocuous platitudes of outgrown theology, hence it is expected that he will be found blazing away on the confines of the field of inspiration and offering ideas of a suggestive type. "What do we mean by inspiration?" asks Dr. Abbott, and he answers that it is an uplifting influence of one spirit on another spirit; one soul breathing its life into another soul. Belief in divine inspiration is belief that God's spirit has such an influence on human spirits. Comparing inspiration and revelation, the latter, he said, is the unveiling of truth before not disclosed. In general the church formerly believed in revelation other than through inspiration. The Christian evolutionist believes in revelation only through inspiration. Dr. Abbott assumes that God has nothing to do with the problems that vex man in his pursuit of the whence and whether of life. Who am I? What does this world mean? Who is over me? What are the laws of the moral life? How must I conduct myself toward my neighbor? What is our future destiny? All these queries are for man himself to solve, God inspiring only in the degree that man unfolds spiritually. Like the God Idea or the concept of God in man, inspiration is determined upon the spiritual capacity of the race and revelation likewise is possible to man or through him dependent upon his intellectual and spiritual attainment.

Regarding the Bible Dr. Abbott says that it contains the story of man's dim, half seen visions of truth, his fragments of knowledge, blunders, struggles and prejudices, hence we should not be troubled by finding errors in it, in fact we must expect to find such errors. Dr. Abbott quotes Professor Samuel Harris of Yale theological seminary on this point:

"If God reveals himself, it must be through the medium of the finite and to finite beings. The revelation must be commensurate with the medium through which it is made, and with the development of the minds to whom it is made. Hence, both the revelation itself and man's apprehension of the God revealed must be progressive, and at any point of time incomplete. Hence, while it is the true God who reveals himself, man's comprehension of God at different stages of his own development may be not only incomplete, but marred by gross misconception."

"All this is interesting to the Spiritualist and it shows the ground now occupied by the leading minds in the church. We can accept readily enough the main propositions of Dr. Abbott's theism, but he is still within the corral of the antecedent. So far as in-

spiration affects the character of the man, he has defined it in saying that it is an uplifting influence of one spirit on another spirit; one soul breathing its life into another soul. This is the attitude of the Spiritualist philosophy. The Spiritualist carries this definition into the inspiration of heavenly beings—"the spirits of just men"—whose influence touches the rasping chords of physical intellectualism and makes them thrill in rhythmic unison with the higher and inner forces of the eternal world. Inspiration like revelation can not be applied to indirect or secondary testimony. It must come first to the recipient. After that it takes the form of narrative. It amounts to something which the inspired one says occurred to him.

ALL ABOUT DEVILS.

Prof. William James, who occupies the chair of psychology at Harvard university, has been talking about "demoniacal possession" before the New York Neurological society. He argued that the phenomena which go under the general term of spirit control are allied to the demoniacal possession of ancient times, and cited cases in Europe where devils had been exorcised from persons just as in the middle ages; and told of shrines in Japan, China and India devoted to the worship of the evil gods who were believed to take possession of human beings, and who were mollified by flattering worship and made to let go.

Prof. James said he had been investigating Spiritualistic phenomena for a long time, and could not understand how any person could fail to see the analogy, especially in the trances of the mediums, with the demoniac possessions of past centuries. He could not say that belief in "spirit control" was decreasing, but he did believe that it was not as harmful in its effects upon the community as it once was.

He said that it was worth while for physicians to pay more attention to mediumistic medical treatment, because in this age, when physicians had dabbled with hypnotism and attained results, cases had been known where mediums had succeeded in attaining good results in the treatment of patients suffering from certain forms of nervous disorder. These results had been accomplished by humoring the patients in their notions, but nevertheless the physicians could benefit by observing how the effects had been attained.

Taking this eminent scholar at his word, it appears strange that during the long time he has been investigating these phenomena he should not have something to say concerning the vast uplift to human thought and the philosophical teachings that have come through this same channel called "spirit control." Is it true that Professor James accepts the devil element in "spirit control" and rejects the superior and positive elements of goodness, virtue, sobriety and Godliness which form the essentials of Spiritualism.

Dr. Pozzi, an eminent Parisian surgeon, says there is only one way other than decomposition of testing a dead body and avoiding premature burial, and that is to open the radial artery and keep it open for an hour. In a dead body the arteries are mere empty tubes, but if the slightest circulation exists blood will be pumped into the arteries, hence persons in a cataleptic trance or in any other state of suspended animation could not exist an hour with an artery opened without blood flowing into it.

"Observant Reader" writes: "Your paper seems to have a monopoly on new ideas. Where do you get them from? Even your contributors seem to partake of this degree. Is this perhaps a case of like attracting like?"

MRS. R. S. LILLIE.

Mrs. R. S. Lillie, whose likeness graces our first page this week, is one of the most well known lecturers in our field. She has done service as a speaker, improvisatrice, and sometimes as a reader, when conditions favored the occasion. But as a speaker she gained her greatest popularity, for her soul goes out with her speech; her heart is ever with her audience; her life is wrapped up in Spiritualism. Few have gained such universal regard as Mrs. Lillie. She was ever true to herself and never swerved from the path of duty when called—whether by mortal or spirit voice. But the latter is especially her guiding monitor, being a psychic of the first water and thus highly inspirational to thoughts from the beyond. Furthermore, Mrs. Lillie is a lady in every sense of the word; very sympathetic by nature; earnest in her advocacy of what is right or true; and has many good friends, who love her for her personality. Like all devoted souls, who know no guile or resort to policy to gain her ends, Mrs. Lillie has had much to contend with. But she thereby held her own in the hearts of honest Spiritualists, and will remain there as long as her name will be uttered by those remembering her as a worker in our cause.

THE FEELERS OF THE COMMON-WEALTH.

Boston is considering the project of establishing a printing office to be managed by the municipality. This is only another of the signs by which the portending struggle between competitive aggrandizement and the social commonwealth is determined. Slowly the idea is gaining ground that the whole people constitute an organism of which each person is an essential part and "government" the will of the organism, its functions being the welfare of the whole. "Salus populi suprema est lex"—the welfare of the people is the supreme law. As this idea grows so grows the social organism. We see it cropping out in various quarters and forms. In New York the agitation in this department of sociology is toward the municipal ownership and management of the gas companies. The free employment bureau in that city has started similar offices in Brooklyn and Buffalo. Within a few years several municipal lighting plants have been established in Massachusetts. The president of a western railroad finds the solution of the railroad problem in government control, and says it will first appear in governmental ownership of street car lines. The lease of the Boston subway to the West End company and the recent trouble among the employees on that company's surface lines has revived interest in and force to the argument in support of municipal control of the street railways of that city.

Whether all this really means anything for the public betterment will depend altogether on the power to control legislative action. Capital in the hands of private persons is the weapon now being used in the warfare of extermination of free will and free choice. It has come off victorious too often to be left out of the problem of municipalities as employers and managers of quasi public establishments.

A significant fact about the Bradley-Martin ball is the short accounts of the ball and the long apologies for it. If we judge from the dispatches there was no particular fun in it for the Four Hundred, and the whole affair was gotten up as a colossal benefit for the poor.

The thought that death terminates soul life, dethrones reason, extinguishes all noble and heroic sentiments, and subjects the mind to the slavery of every present passion.—Bishop Berkeley.

OUR CRUSADE.

Many of our readers have been let into the secret of the crusade by this time, and no doubt are busy carrying out our request, for we have already had quite a number of responses.

We trust none will find the task too much for them. It is not often that such a favor is asked, and those who love the cause should go at it with a will. Those who can not find time to write three of the chain letters might begin with one; or, if entirely devoid of the time and opportunity, let them send the original to somebody they think can and will carry it out.

Furthermore we will print the names of those who have taken part in the crusade, which will be a roll of honor in time to come.

WHAT IS HONESTY?

As a policy honesty has held forth long enough. When analyzed as such it is but a timely affair—something of the head and not the heart or soul. The lack of opportunity to steal, or because the game is not worth the bagging—the sacrifice of respect—is not honesty in the absolute. Absolute honesty is the revolting of the soul against dishonesty, whether approved by the world or not. The truly honest man knows no policy in the matter at all. To him it is one of principle, conscience, right, truthfulness and obedience to divine law. He would rather suffer physically than disturb the quietude of his conscience by anything dishonorable; though a hungry man may be excused from stealing a loaf of bread as we would one escaping from cold or danger. Such a man may be absolutely honest, though the law of his land would accord him a thief. But man-made law is not always just. It punishes one man for petit larceny and sets another free who has stolen enough to build a penitentiary. Circumstances alter cases, and many are made to steal against their better feelings—their natural disposition. The clerk who is hired to misrepresent goods or persuade a buyer against his or her inclinations is a thief, but only relatively, and natural law only affects him as he delights in his success. To love evil is to be evil, and vice versa, even if opportunities are lacking to do good. But the business man who exacts dishonesty from his hirelings reaps the effects of his clerk's doings. Natural law goes to the primal cause of things. It does not punish the hungry man for theft, but the cause that made the man want. Thus the strange calamities that sometimes occur, unforeseen revolutions, hard times, etc. There is discord in the mental or psychic atmosphere and discordant material effects are the consequence, striking hardest where the evil originated. Honesty is the best policy when it concerns this world's affairs, but as a principle only does it bring its spiritual reward—its test being an inability, a feebleness or faintness manifesting in conjunction with the thought to do wrong, just as the debauchee or libertine would feel concerning a thought to give up all the material for a life of purity, absolutely and forever. The world may call such unqualified, unbusinesslike, lazy, etc., but once touched by a tender conscience that feels repugnant or horrified at the bare suggestion of doing wrong, is beyond temptation, and has attained absolute honesty. May the world generate many such in the next decade. We need them badly.

The three states of the caterpillar, larva and butterfly, have been applied to typify the human being: its terrestrial form, apparent death and ultimate celestial destinations.—Sir Robert Boyle.

LIFE'S SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

"Unto the pure all things are pure; but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure, for even their mind and conscience is defiled."—Titus, I:15.

The last sentence in this quotation is synonymous with that common phrase, "Evil is he who evil thinks," or "He sees through a glass darkly."

We know that a sick man looks upon beautiful sunny skies as a mockery. To him it is, for it is out of harmony with his material self. A bilious temperature would not inconvenience him as much, for the contrast would not appear so great between himself and the weather. He therefore would not be so tempted to misjudge it. Fine weather is no mockery, as every well man will declare. The sick man is simply looking "through a glass darkly."

Now, the morally sick or impure judges his fellow mortals in like manner. Moral health is a mockery to him, as he does not conceive of its blessings—its interior satisfaction and the delight a simple handtouch or a social chat affords. And the mockery suggests simulation. Deference, amiability or love, therefore, has the appearance of deceit in the eyes of the impure, and he decries it as false, even believing himself a superior being in this conclusion. Knowing of evil only, he cannot conceive of the pure or spiritual, and naturally concludes that all men are alike. His condemnation is thus more apt to fall upon the pure than the impure, for the former seem unnatural to him, and, in his estimation, more deserving of punishment. He simply judges things by his own standard of perfection and cannot help it.

A man peering through a colored glass sees objects in conformity with the nature of the glass. So a man views things mentally in conformity with his mind. If that is defiled he cannot appreciate love, meekness or amiability. It has no existence for him; and what a man does not and cannot know, as the rule, he cannot believe. He is a born skeptic to certain truths or facts. This applies to the unspiritual-minded as well as the defiled; and it is a question whether their antitheses shall condemn or pity. As a rule, they pity, for they see their brother's deficiency, and in great measure see the good in them which they themselves know not of; for like reflects like in the spiritual as well as the unspiritual, or as the Scriptures say, "Unto the pure all things are pure."

CO-OPERATION THE ONLY RESCUE.

John Graham Brooks is now giving a course of lectures on sociology before the League for Political Education in New York City. Touching the college settlement feature so extensively in vogue in many of the larger cities, Mr. Brooks in a recent lecture well says:

The new social philosophy emphasizes the friendly co-operative side of life, and expresses itself in associations that try to shut out the fighting element. Every club and college settlement and trades union is an illustration of this principle. Even the trusts have grown out of it as naturally as an oak or a violet, for the effort to shut out competition is merely a recognition of the fact that co-operation is better than fighting.

"And it is only by this means," continued the speaker, "that we can solve our present social problems. The whole thing is to create associations where the rich and the poor can come together, not to do things for each other, but to work together for an end that is higher than both—that is, to make this great, ugly life of ours more beautiful and sweeter."

The college settlement realizes a little equality between the rich and the

poor that is not humbug. And it is only as we create natural and truthful relations with the poor that we can help them."

In illustration of this point Mr. Brooks cited the case of a wealthy woman who tried in vain to become acquainted with the people of a certain neighborhood by visiting them. She felt like an intruder, and was sure they considered her one. Then she opened a little savings bank for them, and in this way attained her end. Coming in contact with her on a business footing the people feel they are not being patronized, and they now meet her on terms of perfect equality, to the lady's unbounded delight.

THE COMING NATAL DAY.

Elaborate preparations are being made to celebrate the forty-ninth anniversary of modern Spiritualism, which will occur on the 31st day of March. Unusual activity prevails all over the world touching that event, and from all points come encouraging news and reports. At no time during the past half century has Spiritualism and its allied phenomena held such a position as it does today. The guns of vituperation and ridicule have never belched louder nor has the cause of immortality ever flinched less. It matters very little what the opinions of men are concerning the mere interpretation of a universal phenomenon. Opinions differ because environment and education differ in individual life, but this makes no difference with the existence and potency of the phenomenon. So it has reached this point that denial of the existence of phenomena ascribed usually to supernatural sources is no longer heard or known. The great fact exists and the prejudiced view of it matters little. There are millions of intelligent, honorable people who claim this fact to be the solution of the vexed problem of immortality. These will celebrate the natal day of its inception. Spiritualists have nothing to fear. Every sign indicates a speedy recognition of their hypothesis. The more a fact is combatted the more stubborn it becomes. All that is required now is an intelligent sifting process on the part of investigators to the end that misrepresentation and fraud shall not always be confounded with that which is true and elevating.

HIGH COMMENDATION.

In the issue of The Watchman for Jan. 21 the editor of that great religious journal pays a high tribute to Dr. Bland's latest book. He says:

"How to Get Well and How to Keep Well," by T. A. Bland, M. D., is a manual intended for the family. Its chapters treat of the causes of disease, how medicines act, forms of disease and mode of treatment, descriptions of leading medicines, water as a medicine, electricity and magnetism, food and its preparation, and the necessity of pure air, pure water, healthful exercise and a rational mode of living. On these important subjects much is said that is common, sensible and practical. The author has no faith, however, in the accepted schools. He believes that all poisons are injurious, are not medicines, and are responsible for more deaths than disease would produce if left to run its course. Taking this radical view he drops from his Materia Medica everything poisonous. Much is made of the water cure methods, and the chapter on food is one that helps solve the always troublesome question of diet. While few, probably, will be ready to discard the regular practitioners, yet it is undoubtedly safer for those who employ home remedies in simple cases to avoid the use of dangerous drugs. The book is written in a style so plain that no reader will be misled, and we know of none safer to follow in the home treatment."

For sale by Light of Truth Pub. Co. Price only \$1.00.

A REMINISCENCE.

About the time of the birth of Modern Spiritualism I was a lad, living in the village of Newark, N. Y., one-and-a-half miles from Hydesville. One evening in March, 1848, I was on the street and heard a boy say to another: "Let us go over north to Hydesville and listen to the raps!"

It was the first time I had heard of the spirit rapping, and became somewhat interested. Well, there was great commotion in Newark and surrounding towns. The first Sunday after the reported raps the roads to Hydesville were alive with men, boys, mules, horses, buggies and lumber wagons. The people crowded the town, none knowing the necessity of conditions and all anxious for the light. But the preachers groaned in spirit, saying it was the devil, and warned the people to flee from the wrath to come. But the people would not be warned, and only crowded all the more. An exception, however, was Brother Parker, an old Methodist preacher, who had heard the first raps. Him I met later as a passenger on the steamship Golden Gate on the Pacific coast. From Brother Parker I obtained my first lesson in Spiritualism, and which I have never forgotten. But since then many changes have occurred, both in the church and in Spiritualism. They have mutually advanced. It once took a large amount of brimstone to run an average orthodox church. There is no longer a corner on that article. From the spirit raps have evolved physical manifestations, automatic writing, tests, etc., all of which came under my notice; and among the old workers known and met were the Fox family, Amy and Isaac Post, R. D. Jones, Nettie Maynard, Cora L. V. Richmond and E. V. Wilson, the latter giving me the most remarkable test I ever received, though a perfect stranger to him on that occasion. Subsequently I developed as a medium myself, and now hold communion with spirits as with mortals.

LATHAM GARDNER.

THE ASTRAL BODY.

Jennie B. Purviance of Perryville, Ark., writes as follows concerning the above:

Last August I was walking along the streets of Kansas City. It was about 4 p. m. Suddenly I conceived the desire of knowing the meaning of the statement, "There is no death." I had then had but four months' practice in Christian or Mental Science but believed that sickness and sin were the results of carnal thinking, though I could not comprehend the absence of death. I prayerfully aspired to know.

That night the revelation came. About 11 o'clock, while lying awake, my spiritual or astral body emerged from my material or physical—a counterpart of the latter—and lay for several seconds about a foot above the physical. I felt at that moment that I could have permitted it to waft away, but a groveling desire for earth held me back. I, however, learned that, under circumstances death could be controlled by our desires. Had I left the body then the inquest would have pronounced it heart failure.

A young lady patient whom I have been treating for the morphine habit tells me that she used to see herself, darkly clothed, standing near. It was a great lesson to her. Since her recovery she has been clairvoyant and clairaudient. At a subsequent seance I had with her three verses of a song she had never heard were sung through her.

I also know of a woman who, on one occasion, was suffering greatly with toothache when her astral body left her, going to the corner of the room, returning and looking down upon her, told her that her toothache was gone. It proved true, and she has not been troubled since.

I CURE FITS

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., N. Y.

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REFORM MUST BE PERSONAL.

Burcham Harding, the popular theological lecturer, said, among other things, the following in a lecture at Lincoln, Neb.:

"Suffering is not for punishment; it is to teach us. Men are not put into squalid conditions by some ruling devil. Men make their own conditions. If they suffer here, it is because of something in their past lives. If they live well in their present surrounding, the future will be what they desire. The single life is an unthinkable thing. You can't have a stick with one end here and going on into infinity. It must either have two ends or be a circle."

"Restraint never works real reform. Prisons do not make men better. The various well meaning societies, such as temperance societies, are all very well themselves, but they do not reach the real matter. There must be a reason for the avoidance of sin. If I know there is a center of highest spirituality in my brain and alcohol is its deadly enemy, I will never touch it if I wish to progress spiritually."

Is there any principle in all nature more mysterious than the union of soul and body, by which a supposed spiritual substance acquires such an influence over a material one that the most refined thought is able to actuate the grossest matter?—David Hume.

The Psychic World;

OR,

Experiences After Death of the Human Body.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIGHER REALMS."

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE FOURTH DIMENSION.

As Robert was able to take care of himself now—so far as mocking spirits were concerned—I felt leave to do a little exploration on my own account, of course keeping en rapport with my charge (as Fairy Belle was with her medium), and ready to fly to him at a moment's call or warning of danger.

Rome is a great city, viewed from the spiritual side of life. It appears much larger in area, though it takes up no more space. But spiritual things have a way of crowding into one another without apparent inconvenience, and one may walk a mile according to foot and time measure, yet not leave the spot started from, materially considered. Thus we may see a mile of Rome without leaving home. But this is not everywhere alike. There are so-called barren places—spots where little improvement or changes have been made, and thus have but little to reveal.

Where a large edifice, for example, has been destroyed, improved or rebuilt several times, one sees the original of each on the same ground, passing from one to the other, by regular movement, yet not traveling over more ground than occupied by the one building.

Rome is rich in such changes, thus offers much to the spiritual sightseer. Of course one can pass through it in thought and see nothing, being bent on reaching a certain end. But when on earth a spirit wants to see all there is to be seen. Such a trip has as much fascination for a spirit who can penetrate the material as it has for a poor mortal who is traveling for pleasure. But earthbound spirits do not see all this. Some hardly see the present, while others need a mortal medium through which to enjoy even the material. One who lived only for self sees only himself reflected, often to his disgust. A sight of self in mortal life is very beneficial at times, but in spirit life we prefer to see other sights.

Well, I started off one morning to visit something else besides the conservatory in which we were housed. My intention was to note everything from the moment I crossed the threshold. This intention became my law or guide, and carried itself out as nature provides for its enactment. The first thing I therefore noticed as I left the conservatory, was another one very much like it. Wondering why this was, intuition stepped in to clear the mystery. Wonderment is often equal to a query. It creates a vacuum in the soul wherein the answer to the query fits. I saw the point at once and was willing to see it to the end. I felt moved to continue my forward motion. In another moment I came upon a third, but rather primitive looking. I realized at once that this was the original conservatory, and twice rebuilt. Wondering how it would terminate I came upon a grass plot, and concluded I had reached the end of that journey. Wondering again what date it might be just here, I saw

myself two hundred years behind our present time. But what added to the interest of the phenomenon was the people costumed consistent with the age—at least so far as those were concerned who had not advanced beyond that time.

It is marvelous to see the number of spirits who are content with remaining behind the times. They seem loath to give up their old haunts or homes, and are as old foggyish in their ideas as some mortals are, though they are neither in the dark nor earthbound. They are simply unprogressive. But they are happy, and that is enough for them; though if it were not for this degree of happiness we would probably lose the pleasure of seeing a city's early inhabitants, as we do now.



This new fact learned in Rome convinced me more and more that nature had an interior or fourth dimension of space, not cognizant to the material eye or possible of measurement by mathematics, and that we are enabled to penetrate it according to our power of assimilating with spirit or acting in conjunction with its pulse beat or vibratory motion. Will power is one principle needed to force our way into nature, but without intellectual or mental activity it will not benefit us; for the latter is necessary to understand what we behold. Understanding here depends on our sensitiveness to causation. What we can not feel we can not see. Spiritual sensibility is developed through mental labor, just as physical strength is attained through manual labor. Brain exercise refines the nervous system to an acuteness that enables it to sense the spiritual in earth-life—though unknown or unbelieved by many—and which becomes its sense consciousness here. Mental culture or education is therefore as necessary as moral culture for our future happiness, though many reach here with the former while lacking the latter. The moral has either been perverted or neglected. Cold intellectuality may give the spirit understanding, but without will power he can not apply it. He becomes a sort of whitened sepulchre. Of what use is the gift of oratory among a set of savages? So the power of understanding causes is useless where there are no causes to penetrate. Will power is an effect of goodness attained through love for others—humanity, sympathy or charity—and enables the spirit to wander into the interior of nature and not only see the past, but

the future; for those who can look back can also penetrate the future to a degree.

Rome, where history finds its greatest lead, is, as I thus learned, the most interesting city to explore for a past, replete with wonderful achievements, both good and bad. A whole book could be written of what I experienced in one day.

I not only enjoyed feasts for the eye or sense consciousness, but read its mental or psychic atmosphere. This revealed to me the unseen things—its history, its philosophy, and in some instances the cause which made its history.

How delighted I was that I had had misfortunes in mortal life—that all my wishes were not granted—that all my hopes were not realized. My failures proved my greatest successes. They prepared the way for that which I now could enjoy eternally. I wanted no better or higher heaven than this. My mind and heart were being fed to their fill. Imagine yourself being able to review the entire history of your native city from the present time to its first settlement, and in this review see everything as it was, including its people, customs, festivities and everything in minutia that you can possibly think of inquiring about! Would that not be a spectacle for the gods? Yet they are but the preludes to the first spiritual sphere, where even grander scenes are to be enjoyed. And this continues for many spheres till one has reached that inhabited by the most progressed of earth's children—souls who have passed out thousands of years ago. Then we have only got through with this little planet. Outside of that begins the planetary abodes. Millions of years may be devoted to their exploration before a desire is manifested to visit other suns or stars, many of whose glories surpass those of our little solar system by far. It takes almost an eternity to get through with one universe, by which time so many changes have taken place that we can begin over again. Yet this is only a grain of what is left. Space has no end, and new universes loom up as far as the conception can venture out on a speculative tour. But to reach even the first spiritual sphere of our own planet we need a clean record—attained by putting sense and self under foot—freed from all sensual or selfish passion—uncontrollable habits and dislikes for others because they differ from us. We may hate an evil, but not a man because of the evil. We must always remember that if like circumstances we would have been his brother in misery. Without charity all our gifts are faulty. Love gives life to the whole, adding keenness to the perceptions and potency to the will, and is the talisman that admits the possessor into the secret chambers of Truth, where besides enjoying that which surrounds him, he is inspired with truth that is beyond—firing his ambition to climb still higher and never cease aspiring for loftier achievements. Such were the thoughts crowding upon me while making the rounds within the eternal city—well named I thought, when I realized that it was the centre of results that would be an eternal object lesson to the world at large, and still a working centre in spirit—one influence endeavoring to restore the old; the other antagonizing it, with an increase of power on both sides, though favoring the latter—the new order of things to be.

Rome is the home of spiritual law making; America the home of progressive thought. At Rome is the model of a powerful force, whose influence is felt in every part of the world. It is therefore the seat of war for the battle of religious freedom. America has the most powerful influence centered there to neutralize that of the old tyranny, still operating through a mortal agency—the Pope—while other



nations and people divide their forces between Rome and their own countries where each has an old nucleus to battle, left over from the days of papal authority. America has nothing in the cause to disturb its equanimity—the Roman hierarchy never having had a sufficient foothold to create a law in spirit for this effect. Besides that it has a powerful opposition to contend with in the shape of the Indians who are to America what the old Romans are to Europe. These Indians constitute an impregnable law, and in proportion to striving for power on the material side of life, Romanism is met by an opposing influence from the other side, which extends even unto their citadel in the eternal city, and is the greatest reinforcement ever accorded the protesting forces on the European continent. The real weakening of Romanism began from the time its banner was planted on American soil; for it thereby awakened its most potent opposition, which has been on the increase ever since—even to bringing a material opposition to bear against it in the form of anti-Roman secret organizations.

The Indian is the freest religionist in the world and has a clearer conception of his own future than any other people can boast of concerning themselves. Dogmatism is unknown to the Indian. It is so foreign to his nature that he cannot even tolerate the idea. The natural affinity for a purely spiritual philosophy shows itself in his attractions to earth's people. He will not take part in any religious rites that smack of dogma or creed. He is a freethinker in principle, but the most spiritual minded in practice. He may temporarily fall under creedal influence—generally an effect of a bad conscience or sorrow for breaking faith with his natural religion—but at death he leaves it behind, and becomes once more a member of his father's creed, all the more opposed to a manmade religion because of his temporary folly. A converted Indian thus proves himself a worse opponent in the future than one never touched by priestly influence. But such is true human nature. The only real converts to any religion are those who feel a natural attraction for it. When nature dictates it will prove of temporary benefit to the supplicant; otherwise it will prove detrimental to the churchly beneficiary in the end. There is no opponent like him who awakens to the fact that he has been hypnotized into a belief not consistent with his natural needs or longings. It seems he has a natural desire to avenge himself for his temporary loss of freedom and consequent mental progress during his ecclesiastical incarceration. Religious propaganda may be a material gain, but it always reaps spiritual opposition, which means the beginning of disintegration for that special creed or church.

Religion is a natural qualification with man; but he must be permitted to seek it as the animal seeks its food. His tastes are gauged by the nature of his blood, and his brain formation,

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which are outward representations of the spirit. The spirit needs religion as the stomach needs food—even if that religion is manifested by but a single moral principle. But according to its trend it seeks food through avenues instituted for that purpose. All religion in the world is right, but is wrong where it begins to dominate other religions or uses its influence or power to make converts.

A man may outgrow one religion and feel the desire to draw from another fount. That is his right, accorded by nature. In fact he cannot help it. The wants of the spirit are just as the wants of the body are; and if these changes are withheld the spirit becomes ill, despondent or melancholy. Suicides are frequently caused by a too strict adherence to a creed from motives of principle because their forefathers held to it. This is self-imprisonment. Fear of public opinion also makes this a possibility. Others are disturbed in their natural trend towards truth by circumstances or environment. Some by a sensitiveness to persuasion. But all feel uncomfortable in their ill-fitting spiritual garments, and try to shake it off by suicide, the true motive of which is seldom discovered because man instinctively hides the motive of his suicide, as if ashamed of revealing the weakness which led to it.

Such were the additional reflections that crowded upon me in connection with the sights seen—I suppose a natural psychometrization of facts around and about me. But that is part of a spirit's program in his investigations and thus I give it as it presented itself, trusting it would be as interesting to the reader as it was to me.

COUNT YOUR JEWELS.

(Through Mrs. Kate Osborn.)

Ere the hand of time clasps the casket of the old year, count your jewels, and know what treasure you have gathered from the wealth that surrounds you. Do the bright gems of knowledge illumine your atmosphere, lighting the darkness of the past, revealing the radiance of the future? Is your pathway lined with diamonds of truth, that keep the weary feet from straying? Are the pearls of purity entwining the tablets of your soul, erasing all stains of wrong? Do the flowers of sympathy and mercy garland you with their blossoms, throwing forth their sweetest odors to the weary and heavy laden? Does the star of spirituality mantle you with its halo, permeating and elevating your being above the gross materialities of earth? Have the golden beams of the far-off summerland sparkled in your soul, unfolding the bud of inspiration till angelic voices thrill your atmosphere with richest cadence? Has the angel of love nestled in your heart, filling its recesses with musical whisperings that echo out to earth's children of sorrow, hushing the storm of grief, harmonizing the rough waves of life? If this is your record, great is your treasure in the casket of the past; and spirit hands, with golden harps, shall sing glad songs of joy, while an angel hand engraves this record on the pearly temples of the star-gemmed summerland. Let the new year bring fresh laurels of success to weave for you a bower garlanded with fadeless flowers of truth and purity. Let the fresh violets of peace and lilies of humility breathe sweetest incense o'er the sombre leaves of disappointment that rests in the broken vases of the past. Gather the buds of hope that lie withered on the altars of memory, for they shall all bloom in richest hues 'neath the sunlight no cloud can veil. Let the music of love thrill your heart strings with angelic harmony; and angels bright shall kiss away your tears of grief, gathering these heart pearls to twine the diadem that awaits you on the emerald shores of Paradise.

RONTGEN AND REICHENBACH.

The Harbinger of Light has the following to say on the identity of the X-rays with the Odic rays discovered by Reichenbach in 1854.

"Dr. Kraft, writing to the Frankfurter Zeitung, alleges that the famous discovery of Professor Rontgen, is in reality a rediscovery of the Odic rays, the existence and nature of which were first proclaimed by Professor von Reichenbach, upwards of forty years ago, when Dubois-Reymond, perhaps the most famous French physiologist of his day, characterized his scientific labors, as 'the most deplorable aberrations that had ever scattered the brains of a human being,' and as 'fables that deserved to be flung on the fire.' And now comes Professor Rontgen, who demonstrates beyond all dispute, that these 'deplorable aberrations' of Reichenbach were really the revelations of a great scientific truth. In his *Der sensitive Mensch und sein Verhalten zum Ode* ('The Sensitive Man and his Relations with the Od'), published at Stuttgart and Tubingen, in the years 1854 and 1855, is this passage: 'Madame K. was amusing herself by bringing the back of her hand near the conductor, so as to draw forth electricity with the tips of her fingers, when these, by reason of the odic current became so transparent that she could distinguish with precision the veins, the nerves, the tendons, and the muscular ligaments. This may prove to be of incalculable efficacy in therapeutics, especially for purposes of diagnosis. For, giving the possibility of rendering the body of every sick person diaphanous, by good sensitives, these will be in a position to discern what internal organ may be morbidly affected, and what progress it is making towards amelioration or deterioration. Moreover the physiological processes of the body in health may be examined in the same way.' Here we have the X-rays accurately described and their utility to the science of therapeutics clearly pointed out more than fifty years ago, by the great chemist who discovered creosote and paraffine; who was one of the first geologists of his day, and whose mind was also of such a practical character that, in conjunction with the Count von Salm, he established large manufacturing in Wurtemberg and Moravia, which enabled him to amass a princely fortune. But the Baron von Reichenbach was a Spiritualist; and therefore official science which was then, as it is now, materialistic to its finger tips, received his discovery of what are now called the X-rays with derision, and scornfully dismissed it as the diseased product of a brain subjected to 'deplorable aberrations!' It should be added that the very word 'Od' expresses the idea of an all-penetrating force in Nature."

A Jamestown, Pa., coroner's jury recommended that the state legislature pass a law prohibiting the practice of hypnotism. But to do this the legislature should first be convinced that hypnotism is a fact. When thus convinced it might change its mind. Book printing is not legislated out of existence because it is capable of doing harm in certain directions. Let the same judgment be applied in hypnotism.

Poverty need not prevent any man from asserting his rights, his mental or moral superiority or his dignity, but it must be done with ease, grace or modesty—with no outward semblance of one's knowledge of the fact—for, as there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, so there is but one step from respect to disrespect through self-love or false pride.

Some men carry their hearts in their heads; very many carry their heads in their hearts.—Hare.

HYPNOTIZING AT A DISTANCE.

Those who thirty years ago read of Joseph Balsamo, Dr. Gilbert and Count de Callogstro in Dumas's novels hardly realized then that the mesmerizing of a woman at a distance was anything more than the mere illusive vaporings of a novelist—a sensational ideal to fascinate the attention of the reader to a book. But Dumas proved himself a prophet or foresaw the possibilities of mesmerism, as may be seen by the illustrated article on second page entitled, "Distance No Bar to Hypnotism."

Who can believe that a thinking being which is in a perpetual progress of improvements, must perish at her first setting out.—Bishop Porteus.

WOMAN'S STRUGGLE.

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The World of Psychics and Liberal Thought.

A well-known man of Rhinecliff, N. Y., surprised his friends not long since by marrying six months after the death of his wife. The incident passed, but now there are three persons in the place who say that they have seen the ghost of the man's first wife loitering about the house where he now lives with his new wife. The ghost is reported as appearing at 11 o'clock each night. The woman appears in long white robes, quite like her wedding dress. Her face is always covered and her hair flows loosely about her shoulders. Clad in white, and a long veil fluttering in the wind, the ghost passed along the street until the house where she was once a happy wife was reached. She stopped in front of the house, walked around it twice, peering through the shutters and touching with her fingers the sides of the house, and then disappeared. The hamlet is very much excited over the story.

Daniel Danks and his family are preparing to vacate their home in Sharon, Pa., on account of what they call spirit knockings.

Gabriel Post, living at New Hampton, N. Y., had a premonition of his own death a few nights ago, and the next day fell into the stream where he with others, was cutting ice, and was drowned.

Buffalo has a Rip Van Winkle. He woke up the other day and asked one of the papers: "Good heavens! What are the people of the United States getting to be, with hypnotism, psychology, Spiritualism, etc?"

The latest tenant of the Norristown, N. J., spook house has been driven away by the strange noises.

Professor John Fiske lectured in New York recently on "Witchcraft at Salem and Elsewhere." He said that the cause of decline in the belief of witchcraft is the development of physical science.

The mass meeting of Spiritualists held in Brooklyn last week was a pronounced success. Interesting speeches were made by H. D. Barrett, president of the National Spiritualists Association, W. J. Colville, Judge A. H. Daily, Clark Bell, president, and Albert Bach, secretary of the Medico-Legal Society of New York, E. W. Sprague, Frank Walker and others. Mrs. May S. Pepper gave many remarkable examples of her powers as a test medium.

The announcement is made that 132 acres of land near Point Loma, San Diego, Cal., have been purchased for the erection and support of a "School for the Revival of Ancient Mysteries."

Rev. John W. Quimby in his paper on "The Claim of the Society for Psychical Research Upon the Attention and Support of the Ministry" before the Unitarian Ministers' Monday Club in Boston the other day, took occasion to say that the investigation of such a body of men is worthy of the most serious attention by the ministry. Thought transference, he said, is now an established fact, but it is yet to be established that there is communication between the living and the dead, although there were many high authorities, religious and scientific, in support of the belief that the dead do impress the minds of the living by direct communication or by materialization. He thought that if half of what was claimed for Spiritualism be true, it is worthy of serious consideration. There is a strong settled conviction in the minds of many people that death ends all, he said, and if any proof can be obtained to remove this conviction the church should seize it.

Professor William Crooke's great discourse before the British Society for Psychical Research a couple of weeks ago has elicited varied and sundry expostulations from the newspapers of this country. The editorial pen is now dipped in the pools of chagrin and large expressions of disappointment and fear that the eminent chemist is upon the danger line of sanity in espousing the facts of Spiritualism are dealt out.

The coroner's jury in the case of the young man alleged to have died under hypnotic influence in Jamestown, N. Y., rendered a verdict in part as follows: "That Spurgeon Young came to his death on Jan. 24 from diabetes and nervous exhaustion caused by hypnotic practices performed by the following persons as shown by the evidence: R. Louenstein of Pittsburg, Daniel H. Grandin, Charles Wood, Parke L. Davis, Edward P. Dodge and Robert Bemus of this city." It was also recommended that the legislature pass a law prohibiting the practice of hypnotism. It is probable the case will be carried into the courts.

Mrs. Ernest Kaufman of New York was deserted by her husband five years ago. A few nights ago she had a dream in which the present location of her husband was revealed to her. She proved her dream by a summons issued by Magistrate Denel, which brought Kaufman before that functionary to answer a charge of non-support.

James H. Ghee, a rich farmer on Hunt's Point, L. I., lost his wife some months ago, and the other day he walked into Long Island sound and drowned himself because he believed that the spirit of his wife called to him and wanted him to join her.

Dr. Wilson disappointed a large audience in Dayton, O., the other evening in trying to explain the difference between what he knew and what he thought he knew relative to Spiritualism.

Dr. G. H. Miller of Springfield, Mo., prophesies that Spain and Portugal will go down and its people swallowed up during February. Cuba will send the doctor a medal in that event.

Ignatius Donnelly introduced in the Minnesota legislature, by request, a bill providing for a department of anthropology to the University. The requirements are "a person learned in the science of anthropology, phrenology, anatomy, physiology, ornithology and archaeology."



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PSYCHICS.

Fulton, Ga., jail is said to be haunted by Peter Daniel's spirit.

Dallas, Texas, is wrought up by the antics of a ubiquitous ghost. The preachers have the matter under advisement, and it is said that they are not a unit in accounting for the phenomenon, some of them agreeing that the devil was behind it, while others declare it a case of obsession. The Spiritualists claim the disquieting cause to be the ghost of a woman who had committed suicide and who wants to make herself felt.

Hypnotism as a regular department of therapeutics is daily successfully practiced in the government hospital on Angel Island, near San Francisco, and has been so practiced for three years.

The executive committee of the N. S. A. has secured the services of Mr. E. W. Sprague to act as missionary in New York state in the interest of a proposed state association to be organized there in April. Mr. Sprague may be addressed at 520 Chatham street, Philadelphia. He will begin his labors in New York the first of March. Parties residing along the several railroads in that state are requested to correspond with him, or with Mr. Frank Walker, state agent of the N. S. A., Hamburg, N. Y. Mr. Sprague will visit all the societies now in existence in that state and organize as many new ones as possible.

The Trades Assembly of Columbus is arrayed against the Loud postal bill. The claim it is directed against labor papers and if passed will be the means of crippling all the weak labor periodicals in the country.

Asbury Lucas is a porter at 102 North Clark street, Chicago. He was formerly a colored man, but about two years ago he was shocked by a bolt of lightning, and since then he has been turning white. Physicians say that in all probability he will lose all of his original color in a few years.

Joseph Dunn was the intimate friend of Christian Hertz, who committed suicide at the house where they both resided, 818 South Nineteenth street, Omaha, Neb. The deceased left a letter requesting that his body be turned over to a medical college, but it was buried nevertheless, and then Dunn began to dream. For three consecutive nights the same vision accompanied his sleeping hours. He saw the grave of his comrade, and as he looked a wagon containing two men drove up. One was elderly, muffled in an overcoat and had a black beard. The other was younger and of light complexion. These men robbed the grave of Hertz, stripping the corpse of its burial clothes and wrapping it in a blanket placed it in the wagon and drove away. Dunn seemed to follow them, and by a circuitous route the ghouls finally reached a large building and, unloading the corpse, walked with it up several flights and laid it on a table. Whereupon men began to mutilate it with knives. At this point Dunn would awaken. He related his dream to his friends and finally the tale reached the ears of the superintendent of the cemetery, and to quiet what was called a superstition and show up the story as a hoax and Dunn a fool, he ordered the grave of Hertz opened. To their intense surprise the body was gone. The coffin had been unscrewed, the corpse taken out, the clothing removed and replaced in the coffin and the whole outfit, minus the corpse, put back into the ground, the earth being carefully replaced so that no outward evidence existed to show that the grave had been tampered with. At last accounts

the Danish Brotherhood were going to investigate the alleged stealing, but it is safe to say they will not investigate Dunn's vision.

Forty years ago a peddler was found murdered alongside a desolate road in a heavy growth of underbrush, just over the line in Delaware county. Who the murdered man was or who was his assassin has always been a mystery. The body was not discovered until decomposition had set in. However the skull was crushed and a heavy bludgeon lay close by the dead man. In the course of time the matter was dropped.

A few nights ago at a private spiritual seance at Chesterfield, Ind., a spirit appeared claiming to be the murdered man. He gave his name as Samuel Lott, and said in life he was a peddler. He also said he passed out of this life suddenly while walking to Daleville along a deserted road; that two persons, one a tall, slim, bony man, came from behind him and in a gruff, coarse voice demanded his money or life. "I wheeled around to defend myself," said the spirit, "when suddenly all became dark for a moment, and then a glorious light came upon me and I awoke in this land of beauteous splendor. At the time I departed earth life I had considerable money on my person—\$2,000."

SPIRIT WRITING.

A reader signing himself R., gentleman of 312 Loyal avenue, Montreal, P. O., Canada, writes:

"To the Editor of The Light of Truth: A friend has just sent me a copy of your interesting journal and after reading it I feel induced to write you asking you for your opinion or advice. In the first place I have never been to a spiritualistic meeting in my life, and furthermore I know very little about Spiritualism, but what I do know is just this, that my hand is controlled by an unknown force or spirit, who claims to be a woman who has departed this life. Now, Mr. Editor, what I want to know is how to make that woman talk sense. She claims that she loves me and refuses to speak on any other subject but balls or parties, dances, etc., which I never had any interest in in my life, and more, I have never attended anything of the kind. So you will readily see how annoying this kind of conversation is to me, and when I ask a common sense question she writes only a pack of nonsense. Now I have frequently requested her to leave me, but she will not. Now the question is, What am I to do?"

[This is done to give you proof positive that it is not your own mind writing—that it is not "unconscious cerebration"—but a spirit, as no one will write, even automatically, against his own convictions. As soon as you accept spirit communion as a fact the control will change for something more in conformity with your desires—like attracting like. A medium's spirit guide often permits such incongruities as an object lesson for thorough conviction of the truth.—Ed.]

THEOSOPHY GROWING.

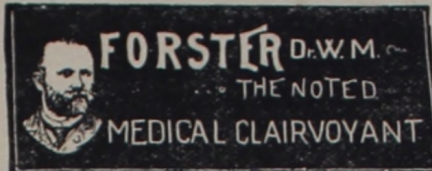
Theosophists claim today eighty branches in America, 150 in India and 50 in Europe. In India the society maintains schools, like our Sunday schools, where children are taught the principles of Theosophy and trained in the translation of ancient sacred works. In the far east princes and others of high caste number among the members of the society. The Theosophists are actively represented in nearly all the large cities of America.

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Voice of the People.

NOT DEAD.

Coral Almedia Thomas.

And when they told me, with sad eyes, tear dimmed,
That Death, the solemn messenger, had come
And set his stony seal upon thy brow,
Consigning thee to silence;
And that where once a heart pulsated life
A form inanimate was left instead,
I wept in vain self-pity and despair,
Thinking that thou wert dead.

But when I stood beside thee, looking down
Upon the form that late thy soul had borne;
Upon the hands which thou wert wont to use,
Now deathly in their whiteness;
And on the eyes through which thy soul
had gazed,
And realized that I had been misled,
I ceased to weep and mourn disconsolate,
Knowing thou wert not dead.

Knowing thy soul had winged its airy flight
From scenes terrestrial, to the higher life,
Had laid aside its cold mortality
For that which is eternal;
Knowing the form before me, prone and pale,
Was but the habitation of thy birth,
Through which thy soul must needs express
itself,
In its sojourn on earth.

It did not matter that I saw thee go
From out my presence, clad in mourning robes;
Nor that thy face was pallid, and thy voice
Hushed in a dreaded stillness;
Nor that men bore thee reverentially,
With heads uncovered, and with silent tread
Across the threshold in the open air,
I knew thou wert not dead.

And when the solemn service, dust to dust,
Was ended o'er thy mortal resting place,
And the dumb earth fell on thy coffin lid,
I neither wept nor shuddered.
It was not thou that thus they laid away,
An earthly form within an earthly bed;
Thy soul had found its resurrection morn,
I knew thou wert not dead.

—Planets and People.

ORIGIN OF THEOSOPHY.

Editors Light of Truth: I have noted several references to the origin of Theosophy in this country, and they all attribute it to Madam H. P. Blavatsky.

The first society organized in the United States was constituted of Spiritualists and had its beginning in the home of Henry J. Newton, 128 W. Forty-third street, New York, and at his suggestion; and he was the first president, and at that time Madam H. P. Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott were pronounced Spiritualists. I have seen and read the original constitution and the signatures of the charter members. It was to all intents and purposes a Spiritualists' society, organized for the purpose of investigating phenomena, and the laws of the spiritual universe, both by study of ancient and modern history, orientalism, and by experimentation, and study of facts as presented by Modern Spiritualism. This was the general purpose, not the exact wording of the constitution. But the original members never contemplated any such wild goose chase after phantoms and oriental dreams and mysticisms, to be formulated into a world-girdling society to spurn or belittle the phenomena of Spiritualism, and by a sweep of fantastic assumptions reduce us all to astral shells, dispensing idiotic drivel to the world through mediums until the shell breaks and then drifting into incomprehensible attenuation or "divine absorption," until such time as another incarnation shall project us into a new body, to build another shell, to again dispense dreamy drivel for a time, and hoodwink the savants of earth with masterly genius of deception and astral cunning, until the shell breaks and empties its contents upon the world and leaves the spiritual entity shivering in the shadows of ancient mystery until it again finds a temporal flesh-pot for its development. Modern Theosophy has some charming features,

but I have never discovered anything new or valuable in their teachings that Spiritualism had not developed before Madam Blavatsky came to America. The first echo from the unseen shore proclaimed the principle of universal brotherhood, which is the sine qua non of Theosophy. Re-incarnation was a common fad among Spiritualists before Madam B. was known on this continent. Hence, if true, it is not new, nor peculiar to Theosophy; and if new, it would not follow that it is true. I heard a Theosophist in Toronto. He admitted that Spiritualism had done one good thing! Whew! Only one? That appeared to be the limit in the opinion of the speaker. What had it done that was valuable? It had called attention to the occult powers in human bodies—or souls in the bodies—by which Theosophy could profit in its shelly philosophy. Well, I do not envy them nor their creed. They are helping to lift the world out of the old ruts, and if they think they are supreme over all other cults the vanity may stimulate them to useful works among the shells of this world, and Spiritualists have no fear of losing identity, or any of the qualities that make us human beings here and now.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

A MUDDLED ESCHATOLOGY

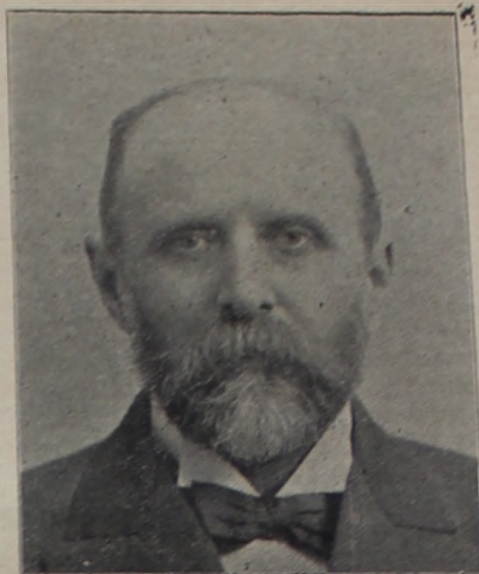
Not long since I heard a good pastor at the opening of a meeting say that he did not believe that he or any one else could talk or in any way communicate with disembodied spirits. That all the spirits he knew of or believed in had bodies, could talk, walk and so on. And yet before he closed the meeting he delivered a prayer to Jesus. He told Jesus of his faith, his hopes, his love for him exactly as if Jesus was standing by his side. Indeed, this is just what he does profess to believe; that Jesus was at his side as a disembodied spirit. The same Jesus that once taught and lived in far-off Palestine, lived in a body like other men. That same Jesus died, became a spirit, is with his true disciples everywhere. He became a spirit that he might better become a guide and ever present help to his followers. All this the good pastor most devoutly believes, and yet he denies that mortal man can talk to spirits.

I can understand this good pastor when he says there are no disembodied spirits about us. That we cannot commune with departed friends. I can understand him when he says this, for alas, it may be true. I hope not. I can also understand this good pastor when he says that we can talk with Jesus and that Jesus hears what he says, answers his requests, is with him by night and by day, a consolation and a guide. I can understand him when he says this. I most fondly hope that this is so. But I cannot understand him when he denies to poor humanity the power to commune with disembodied spirits and at the same time holds as the chief cornerstone of his faith the belief that he has daily communion with Jesus. To talk with Jesus one moment and the next deny that men can talk with disembodied spirits sounds strangely like that scene in which Peter took such a prominent part nearly 1900 years ago. How strange it is that men can believe that God is a spirit and believe that they have received direct or indirect revelations from him, and yet deny the possibility of communion with disembodied spirits. How strange it is that men can believe that Jesus is their shepherd, is among us here to help and protect with the same potential reality that He was when He preached the sermon on the Mount, and yet deny spirit communication.

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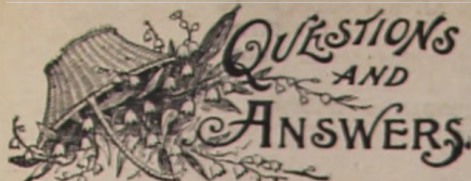
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1. All spirits in communion with mortals tell of a higher power which they sense as an influence bearing upon them. Furthermore that this power is intelligent, for it replies to them in a way not yet generally known to mortals, it being as intuition, inspiration and so-called telepathy—a consciousness that is marked and unmistakable, and leaves no other inference than that nature or natural law is intelligent and constitutes Deity. God, omniscience or whatever else man chooses to call it.
2. Swedenborg is regarded as a medium in harmony with his times, though an advance agent of the new religion called Spiritualism. He was used by the spirits very cautiously, for a too great a divergence from the theology of the day would have brought disaster to him, and his writings destroyed. As it was they were preserved, and helped to develop other minds in the direction of spirit intercourse, for suggestion is the fundamental school of progress, and Swedenborg's writings had the effect of creating a desire for further light in the human mind and heart with good results.
3. At death the spirit simply separates from the material or physical body. It is like going to sleep to awake in another world, unless the death be a violent or arbitrary one (unnatural). The best preparation is a temperate and humane life—one free from excess of any kind, sensually or emotionally (prejudice, vanity, conceit, arrogance, etc., included in the latter).
- 4.—Men may be learned but not always wise. Wisdom is knowledge applied. Knowing there are ways and means of proving immortality and refusing to investigate or be convinced shows a lack of wisdom. But yet there are many of the learned and educated who have investigated and confirm the claims of Spiritualism. On the whole they stand as a great if not a greater portion among those who have not investigated. Among the yet living are Professor Elliott Coues of the Smithsonian Institute; Rev. M. J. Savage, Unitarian minister of Boston; Rev. R. Heber Newton of New York City; Wm Crookes, inventor of X-rays tubes; Camille Flammarion, astronomer of Paris; Alfred Russel Wallace, F. R. S.; Professor Oliver Lodge of the British Academy of Science; Professor James of Harvard; William Stead, editor Review of Reviews (formerly of Pall Mall

Gazette); Gerald Massey, author, Queen Victoria; Hiram Powers, sculptor; Miss Florence Marryatt, daughter of the late Captain Marryatt; Prof. Schiaparelli, Italian astronomer; Miss Abby Judson, daughter of the Burmese missionary; Dr. J. M. Peebles, the globe encirler (now on his third voyage around); Prof. Carl Sextus, the hypnotist; Dr. B. O. Flower, late editor and founder of the Arena; Professors Fichte, Fechner and Ulrich, eminent German physicists and philosophers; Lady Somerset; Hester M. Poole; B. F. Underwood, liberal reformer; Mrs. Underwood, authoress; Judge A. H. Dalley of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Dr. M. L. Holbrook, editor; Baron du Prel; Lord Dunraven, of yacht race fame; Prof. C. Richet; Lucinda B. Chandler; Dr. Baraduc, of Paris, occultist; M. Sardou, playwright; Giles B. Stebbins, author; Dr. J. R. Buchanan, editor, publisher and author; Hon. A. B. Richmond, lawyer, Meadville, Pa.; Prof. F. H. W. Meyers, M. A.; Hon. O. P. Kellogg, ex-speaker Wyoming legislature. Among the so-called dead who have left records of their belief in spiritualism are President Abraham Lincoln; Judge J. W. Edmunds, of the N. Y. supreme court; Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton; Dr. Kane, Arctic explorer; Wm. Lloyd Garrison; Victor Hugo; Prof. Zollner, author of Transcendental Physics; Prof. Wm. Denton, author and reformer; Dr. N. B. Wolfe, of Cincinnati; Rev. Samuel Watson of Tennessee; Horace Greeley; Professors Hare and R. D. Owen, (the latter recently honored by congress with an appropriation for a statue), Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island; Lord Brougham; Prof. W. F. Barrett, of the Royal College of Science, Dublin; Dr. Wm. Gregory, F. R. S. E.; Dr. V. Dahl, of the Academy of Science, St. Petersburg; Prof. de Morgan, president Mathematical Society, of London; and Dr. Robertson, editor Journal of Medical Science. Among others of note who were known to be Spiritualists by witnesses in our ranks were Victor Emanuel, Garibaldi, Mazzini, Kussuth, Andrew Johnson, B. F. Wade, Henry Wilson, Joshua Giddings, N. P. Banks, Senator Stewart, Leon Favre, Guizot, Gov. Talmage, of Wisconsin; Trowbridge, artist; Wm. Thackeray; Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Ole Bull, and others too numerous to mention.

Now those of our readers who can add to this or verify it in whole or part, or aid Mr. G. W. Harper to obtain verifications of these facts might confer a favor on him by addressing him to that effect at Anchorage, Wis.

Question—Going to hear a famous lecturer in a strange city, an impression flashed upon me as he took his place, of some resemblance to somebody I had previously known or seen. I had not quite grasped it when it was displaced by a second reminder; and this happened in rapid succession for five or six different resemblances.

This caused a slight confusion of mind, and a somewhat concentrated effort to straighten things out when I was a little startled to see with my every day physical eyes, a very distinct and life-like picture projected into the atmosphere half way between the rostrum and myself, not exactly of the speaker, yet very greatly resembling him, and condensing all the other persons who had been suggested, into it, much like a composite photograph. It was life-size, and colored like the person looked at. From movements on his part, I inferred that it was witnessed by himself as well as myself.

What was this effect; how produced; would you regard it as a hint of some undeveloped possibility of mediumship; and why could I never reproduce the effect?

A. G. T.

Answer—It is most likely a new phase of clairvoyant character reading. The various persons seen showed

the different characteristics of the man consolidated in one. If it is repeated note the resemblance, and then sum up the whole, allowing for deviations between extremes—the effects that a virtue and its opposite would inspire as a third characteristic, etc.

Question—If a spirit desires re-embodiment for some specific purpose, and either prenatal or postnatal conditions dwarf the mind of said spirit, rendering him in part or altogether imbecile, will such an one have gained in any wise by the experience? If so, will the good thus accruing, exceed that which he would have gained in spirit life?

Answer—If re-embodiment is true it must be a law; and if a law we do not see how prenatal conditions could interfere with the aim and object of the spirit returning for a new trial. But as we do not know whether there is such a law we leave this subject to those who are interested—perhaps some day to prove or disprove it, as the case may warrant.

PERSONALS.

C. Abrell.—Only receiving spirit raps when you are angry indicates that only a lower order of spirits can manifest through you for physical phenomena. Therefore take the hint and attract the higher to you by developing the mental phases. Begin with automatic writing as an introduction to the inspirational, and study self in the meantime. That will help you out of your difficulty and lead you on to a higher understanding and knowledge of life generally. You will make a fine inspirational medium to judge from your aura.

Traveller—Raps do not indicate that slate writing is part of one's mediumship, though they generally accompany that phase. If thoughts precede automatic writing it indicates that the brain catches it before the hand, and that you have developed into an impressional medium. Follow that and see if it doesn't teach you something you don't know.

M. E. T.—You are most likely a clairvoyant and clairaudient medium. Time and patience will develop it more fully.

L. G. B.—Give up sitting for a while to change conditions. Then sit only in the light or in daytime, and only when impressed followed by a feeling of joy. The reverse indicates dark spirits.

Jane.—Stop sitting for a while; spirits who can do no more than shake you up are not the kind wanted for intelligent or instructive intercourse. Put your mind against such indignities, and it will attract more deferential ones. Allow no more liberties to spirits than you would to mortals. Some take advantage of new mediums because of their innocence in believing all spirits saints. You need not fear them. Mind is law to spirits, and what you desire earnestly will take form.

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PERSONALS.

—L. W. F.—See issue of Dec. 26.
 —L.—They are cupids, not angels.
 —Our crusade is bearing good fruit.
 —D. A. G.—We do not know of any such enterprise.

—A test medium writes: "People say that the last great improvement in the Light of Truth is the stepping-stone to its success."

—A recent acquisition to the local mediums is Mrs. Alice Garring of 329½ South High street, who has become developed as a trumpet medium.

—M. M. W.—We have no time to revise stories. It will cost you about \$3 a day to have that done. Postage on mss is about 2 cents an ounce.

—Lizzie Kelly Hartman wishes the following added to her predictions: "I see that the Light of Truth will gain many subscribers this year." Thanks.

—Laura A. Sunderlin-Nourse writes: "I think your paper is excellent. It seems to me as good as the Arena, when published by B. O. Flower. Your management is just right."

—The rest of this month Mr. Peck continues his ministrations in this city, with Miss Maggie Gaule as test medium to follow his lectures. Between the two Columbus has a feast.

—A prominent Pennsylvanian writes: "Let me congratulate you for the success you have achieved in the character and appearance of your journal. The Light of Truth is rapidly approaching what it ought to be, the leading and most reliable exponent of Spiritualism."

—B. E. M.—If those verses given through spirit control are very good we will publish them at 20 cents a line as advertising matter. If not very good, we can not accept them at any price. We are not soliciting poetry this spring, having sufficient of last year's crop on hand.

—S.—We are not publishing long reports of meetings now, because they do not interest those who were not there, and those who were present already know all about them. We prefer to devote that space to something of general interest, and thereby please or instruct the majority.

AN M. D. HIMSELF ADVISES.

Dr. J. F. Morgan of Muncie, Ind., writes: "Why is it that liberalists and Spiritualists will sit idly by and not even protest against the unjust and infamous 'medical' bills now before the legislatures of Michigan, Kansas and Indiana? Where are your thousands of healers and mediums, what are they doing? Buckle on the power of will, stand firm for the freedom of humanity, and petition every representative, in well chosen language, to vote against any change, or at least to prevent a worse condition than now exists."

"Let a quiet but determined 'thought wave' be constantly sent out, that shall and will conquer the foe and raise the flag of freedom for humanity."

MEDIUMS AND LECTURERS.

Prof. Carl Sextus, hypnotist teacher, maybe addressed at 184 Lexington ave., New York City.

George B. Holmes, inspirational speaker and test medium, 178 North Ionia st., Grand Rapids, Mich. 3

De Loss Wood of Danielson, Conn., though a busy journalist, will accept engagements to speak on terms to suit societies.

B. F. Underwood lectures at Waukegan, O., before the Grand Army of the Republic, Tuesday evening, Feb. 9, subject, "Keep Church and State Separate;" at Defiance, O., Wednesday evening, Feb. 10, subject, "Foregleams;" at Toledo, O., (in the Unitarian church,) "Foregleams;" Boston, (Paine hall), Sunday afternoon, Feb. 14, subject, "The Gospel of Emotion and Ignorance;" Manchester, N. H., before the Freethought association, evenings of Feb. 16 and 17; Boston, (Paine hall), Sunday afternoon, Feb. 21; East Dennis, Mass., Sunday afternoon and evening, Feb. 28; New York city, Friday evening, March 5, before the Manhattan Liberal club; Brooklyn, N. Y., before the Philosophical association, Sunday afternoon, March 7; Providence, R. I., (in Bell Street chapel), Sunday afternoon, March 14. For lectures between and after these dates address Mr. Underwood at 2653 Evanston Ave., Chicago.

A Wonderful Cure for Kidney Disease and Rheumatism.—A Free Gift.

The Kava-Kava Shrub, as previously stated, is proving itself a wonderful curative for diseases of the Kidneys or other maladies caused by Uric acid in the blood. This new botanic discovery bids fair to change medical practice in these diseases, and its compound Alkavis, is now regarded as a sure specific cure for these maladies. We have many letters on the subject from business men, doctors and ministers of which the following from Rev. J. H. Watson of Sunset, Texas, a minister of the gospel of thirty years' standing, is an example. He writes:

"I was suddenly stricken down on the 22d of June with an acute attack of kidney trouble (uric acid gravel). For two months I lay hovering on the border line of life, and with the constant care of two excellent physicians, I only received temporary relief. My family physician told me plainly the best I could hope for was a temporary respite. I might rally only to collapse suddenly or might linger some time. But the issue was made up, and as I had for years warned others to be ready, so now more than ever I must needs put my house in order and expect the end. Meantime I had heard of Alkavis and wrote to an army comrade (now principal of a college), who had tried it. He wrote me by all means to try it as it had made a new man of him. At the end of two months and then only able to sit up a little I dismissed my physician and began the use of Alkavis. In two weeks I could ride out in a carriage for a short time. The improvement has been constant and steady. I am now able to look after my business. I feel lowe what life and strength I have to Alkavis. * * * I am fifty-five years old, have been a minister over thirty years, have thousands of acquaintances, and to every one of them who may be afflicted with any kind of kidney trouble, I would say, try Alkavis."

Another most remarkable case is that of Rev. Thomas Smith of Cobden, Illinois, who passed nearly one hundred gravel stones under two weeks' use of this great remedy, Alkavis.

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The human voice and eye give a reality to the thought, provided the voice and eye be real and earnest also.—C. Kingsley.

The joy of knowing that you are little by little surmounting the obstacles which have been in your way pays for all the worry incident to the process.

Spiritualism is becoming a generally acknowledged fact by the outside world.

WATER FINDING.

Water finding with a forked twig of hazel of peach may come first. My friend Cyrus Fuller lived on his farm 20 miles west of Detroit, in Livonia, three miles from the village of Plymouth. He was an old resident, well known as a man of sturdy independence, and is an intelligent and honorable—a Hicksite Quaker by birth, a pioneer abolitionist, a rational Spiritualist. He has found in his vicinity, over one hundred and fifty wells, never failing, and always on the first trial. I have the certificate signed by a score of substantial farmers and by an ex-congressman, that he had found water pure and abundant for them, they testifying to the fact, with no opinion as to his singular faculty. One day at his house, the matter was spoken of. He went to the woodshed, and took down from over a beam a dry forked twig of hazel, the single end about a foot long and the size of one's finger, the forks about the same length. We went back to the family room, he held the forks in either hand so that the twig was horizontal and the forks projected through his closed hands, and said to me: "Walk by my side, take hold of the end of the fork next you, and if it turns you can see and feel that my hand or fingers do not move." On reaching the middle of the room the twig dipped down to an angle of some 45 degrees, and I felt and saw the fork twist in my fingers and in his hand, with no motion of his hand or fingers. Stepping along slowly the fork came up to its horizontal position and the twig was motionless. A dozen times that line was crossed with the same result. I asked: "How is this? Is there water under this floor?" He laughed and replied: "The spring and pipe that feed the pent-stock at the back door are about 10 feet below the middle of this floor." The water from that pent-stock, clear and constant, never freezing in winter, flowed into a large trough in ample supply for his house, and was piped to the barn for his cattle and horses, the overplus flowing away. This spring he found with his forked twig, as he said. At another time we started in his farm wagon to ride a mile to his brother's and he took along his twig—a dry stick, one of several in the woodshed.

Not far north we were to cross a bridge over a small stream. He handed me the reins, held the twig horizontally, I holding, as before, the end of a fork in my fingers and walking the horses slowly onto the bridge, when the twig dipped down, rising and falling as though drawn by some invisible force. As the wagon wheels rolled off the bridge the twig became horizontal and quiet, its forks no longer turning.

Only running and live water makes this possible, standing water under ground never affects the twig. He says: "My neighbors and others come for me. I go out into their fields and yards. They go with me and look on and chat about common things, but I enter into no argument and want quietude of mind and no distraction of attention. I walk about, holding my forked stick; when it turns I follow up and find, if possible, where two or more springs join, the strongest dipping of the twig telling where there is most water. Then a stake is put down in the best spot and they begin to dig, and often find water before I leave. I can usually tell how deep they must dig. I have no special or peculiar sensation at the time. I have no theory about this. It seems as though there was something in my temperament that made this rapport possible and natural by some subtle law which I do not understand."

This has never been a money-making vocation, nor has fame been sought. His neighbors he charges nothing, those

more distant paying a moderate fee—in all not enough to make good the time lost on the farm.

So far as I know the water thus found has had a permanent flow in quantities sufficient for watering stock and for family use on large farms. Cyrus Fuller passed away years ago, over eighty years old, and I do not know of his going out to exercise his gift for years, his devoted care of an invalid wife (a superior woman) keeping him at home.

"Confirmation strong as holy writ" is thus given of this fact of water-finding by a forked twig. I know of no case on record so remarkable and so clearly proved as this.

How can these things be? Solve me the riddle of the turning of vines climbing toward the rising sun, or the neeple pointing to the pole, and I will try to tell.

From these pure springs beneath the soil we tread on brought to its surface to meet the needs of man and beast in this wonderful way, to the celestial "sea of glass-like crystal" of the Apocalyptic vision is an easy transition of thought, especially as all springs and seas, in all worlds, are under one law, unitive and infinite in its sway.

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